The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Chalmers has received the contested seat in congress.

The Clinton county Democrats, last week, nominated Hon. S. R. Peale for congress.

Oregon, last week, voted on woman suffrage with the following result: For women suffrage, 11,233; against, 28,176.

The story circulated last week that Gov. Curtin was going to support Blaine is false. The Governor has already denied it, and few would believe so absurd a story even if not denied.

The peach crop is reported good.

It will be either Cleveland or Bayard next week. Bayard stock seems to be on the rise somewhat.

Tilden and Seymour favor Cleveland as the best man for President.

Gov. Curtin made a remarkably able address in the house against the tendencies and danger of consolidation. The statesmanship he displayed and his oratory were highly creditable to the state. At the conclusion of his speech he was honored by the warmest applause of the members.

The Bellefonte *Republican* is clamoring for the organization of a Blaine club in that town. Oh, don't, don't, if you value your reputations. If you do, however, open each club meeting by reading the Mulligan letters, a copy of which can be had at the Reporter office.

The Bellefonte *Republican* urges its party to re-elect commissioner Campbell. That is sound political advice for once.

It is hardly likely that any big oil strikes will be made between this and November—there will be too much surface gush during the campaign.

The principal business of some of our democratic friends seems to be to cry out for "the old ticket." If they must have an old ticket, and it seems they can't get Tilden and Hendricks, how would Annanias and Saphira do?—Lewistown *Gazette*, rad.

How stupid the *Gazette* is not to know that the Republicans already nominated that ticket at Chicago three weeks ago, and it has hoisted the pair to its masthead.

The Clinton county Democrats held their convention last week. D. M. May, of Renovo, was nominated by acclamation for sheriff; A. W. Brumgard, of Lock Haven, for representative, and Martin W. Herr, of Lock Haven, for treasurer. The roll was called to nominate a district attorney, whereupon it appeared that George A. Brown, the present incumbent, had nearly all the votes, and he was declared the nominee. A dozen or more names were presented for commissioners, and on the fifth ballot John F. Brosius, of Crawford twp., and John Grugan, of Grugan twp., were nominated. L. R. Paup was nominated by acclamation for county auditor.

On 24 ult. Wall street was surprised by the announcement of the suspension of Morgan & Sons, one of the oldest banking firms in the city. The house was a very conservative one, and had no dealings upon the Stock Exchange. The firm dealt principally in securities, being heavy holders of the bonds of the Denver and Rio Grande and other Western railroads, and the continued shrinkage in value of these securities is thought to have caused the suspension. Members of the firm state that the assignment was made in order to protect the creditors. Their liabilities are variously estimated at from $4,000,000 to $6,000,000 and it is not thought that they will resume, as the house fought against a suspension as long as possible, and only did so when it became an absolute necessity.

An Associated Press dispatch says: The suspension is attributed to shrinkage in value of railroad bonds, principally the Denver and Rio Grande, of which they were large holders at high prices.

The bolt from Blaine is steadily growing in Brooklyn and the leaders of the Republican organization are greatly alarmed over the split in the ranks of the Young Republicans. A canvass of the club shows clearly that a motion to indorse Blaine would be voted down by a decisive majority. Hitherto this club has been the main financial pillar of the party in Brooklyn. The present split makes it probable the club will this year neither contribute money nor do any effective work, hence the alarm of the Blaine leaders.

Settlers are coming into Fort Lincoln with the report that Indians have threatened to burn their houses and kill their women. Six hundred of the Standing Rock Indians are now hunting on the Cannon Ball river, and their behavior caused indignation and alarm.

PEDDLING HIS RULINGS.

The damaging charge that Mr. Blaine used his office as Speaker of the House of Representatives as a means of advancing his private fortunes rests mainly on Mr. Blaine's own letters and the records of Congress. The Chicago *Times* sufficiently summarizes some of the leading facts on which the accusation rests, as follows:

(1) As Speaker, Mr. Blaine made a ruling that assured the passage of a bill granting a big land subsidy to the Little Rock Railway Company of Arkansas. (2) Three months afterward, Mr. Blaine wrote to his friend Fisher (contractor for the construction of that railway) asking him to use his good offices with Mr. Caldwell (who controlled the enterprise) to obtain from the latter a proposition to admit Mr. Blaine to an interest in its ownership. "I do not feel," he said, "that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful." He was then Speaker of the House. (3) A few days later he wrote again to "Dear Fisher," thanking him for his "liberal mode of dealing with me," and reiterating his desire that he should "bring Caldwell to a definite proposition." It is an inference that the intermediary did not find Caldwell quite agreeable to the views of Mr. Speaker, for, (4) October 4, the latter wrote to Fisher again, telling him the story of his ruling in the Speaker's chair, showing that he, as Speaker, secured to the company its land grant, and concluding: "At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing, I did him a great favor." (5) On the same day he wrote another epistle to Fisher, asking him to read the *Globe* (a Boston newspaper of lofty virtue, which he forwarded,) and see how narrowly, by means of his ruling, the Little Rock land grant escaped defeat.

These are not all the interesting facts in that interesting case, but they will suffice for the present, because, as every candid reader will see, their evidence proves that Mr. Blaine used his office as Speaker of the House as a means of advancing his private fortune. He got his interest in the Little Rock enterprise.

Some still want Tilden, and it would terribly scare the Republicans if he would be nominated next week in spite of his declination.

The following remarks from the Pittsburg *Post* deserve attention:

We are apprehensive ex-Gov. Curtin may fall a victim to the short-sighted principle of rotation that prevails in this State, in the country districts. Every county of the district has a candidate. Gov. Curtin is now one of the most useful and influential members of the House, a credit to his district and state and an honor to Congress. Why rotate him out, to give some one else a chance, who in turn will be rotated as soon as he becomes useful. The South and New England when they get a first-class man in the House they keep him there, and are the gainers. Pennsylvania has done herself honor by retaining the services of Randall and Kelly for so long, and has a substantial reward in their conceded power. Congressmen are not made in a day or a term.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSIONS.

Reduced Rates to Chicago.

In order that the public may have the opportunity of enjoying the National Holiday to the fullest extent, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in accordance with a custom pursued for several years, will sell excursion tickets between all points on its system, east of Pittsburg and Erie, for the Fourth of July. These tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates, and can be procured on the 3d and 4th of July, good to return until the 7th, inclusive.

For the benefit of parties desiring to visit Chicago on the occasion of the Democratic National Convention the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell round-trip tickets from eastern cities to Chicago at a rate reduced to the cost of an unlimited ticket in one direction. These excursion tickets will be placed on sale on the 3d of July. They will be good going from the 3d to the 8th inclusive, and good to return until the 18th inclusive. No stop-over privileges allowed.

These reductions offer splendid opportunities for making a short trip in the East, or a more extended trip to the West, at very low rates.

INDIANS DYING FROM SCARCITY OF FOOD.

Helena, June 29.—Major Allen Piegon, Indian agent for northern Montana, reports that Indians are dying fast from scant supply of food at the agency. The carpenter has finished thirty coffins in the past month, but it is believed that the deaths are fully thrice that number, as the Indians have a great dislike to burying their dead, they prefer the old custom of placing the bodies in trees or in stone piles on high hills. The death rate is greatest among children from five to twelve years of age. In another week the supply will be entirely exhausted and the 3,000 Indians on the reservation will be left to starve or subsist on the cattle of the settlers. Trouble is feared.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Philadelphia *Record* makes these pert points on the Republican platform:

The Republican platform in so far as it proposes anything new in the future policy of the party is an arraignment of its past policy. It proposes to restore the duty on wool which it struck off; to reform the civil service which it has debauched; to forfeit the land grants which it gave to corporations in fraud of the rights of the people; to restore the commerce which it has deliberately driven from the seas; to rebuild the navy which has lapsed into insignificance under its fostering care; and to put down election frauds by which it has chiefly profited. The propositions to establish a Bureau of Labor; to enforce the eight-hour law; to create a national system of education; to provide against the importation of contract labor; to extend the pension list and to put down polygamy, are deft attempts to win unthinking voters by appeals to their prejudices or their interests. All those projects have in view the extension of a system of obnoxious paternalism by interfering in affairs in which national legislation is either impertinent or nugatory. The silver issue the platform cleverly dodges. As there is but one question before the people upon which party lines are drawn, the whole interest in the Chicago declarations of both parties centres in that question. The Republicans plant themselves squarely in opposition to a tariff for revenue only. They declare unequivocally for protection. The usual pretense is set up that the stand of the party is made in behalf of laboring men, and that the laborer's rights and wages are assured by the protective policy. In the face of the unsatisfactory condition of workingmen in all the protected industries such a declaration requires an unusual degree of assurance; but it is down in black and white. The inconsistancy of this performance is emphasized by a following declaration in favor of restoring the tariff on wool, thus obstructing manufacturing labor and putting a new burden upon one of the great necessaries of life. This is equivalent to making the workingman pay for the wool that goes on his back, and charging him nothing for the wool that is stuffed in his ears. On this tariff question, if the Democratic party fails to pick up the gauntlet thrown down to it the succeeding contest will be robbed of all interest. It will be a mere struggle for the spoils.

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.

Boston, June 28.—About 4 o'clock this morning E. W. Jackson, book-keeper, was on his way from Medford to Malden to catch the early horse car for Boston. While passing the residence of Geo. K. Goulding a large Siberian bloodhound belonging to Mr. Goulding rushed out to the sidewalk and attacked Mr. Jackson in a most savage manner. The animal jumped for the man's throat, but caught hold of his wrist which was put up to ward off the attack. The vicious beast having tasted blood fought like a tiger and tore the flesh in several places from the man's arms.

The struggle lasted a considerable time, during which the cries of Mr. Jackson for help could be heard half a mile away, but unfortunately there was no one in the vicinity at that early hour and the man and beast continued the struggle for life or death. The dog finally got a vise-like grasp of Jackson's wrist, which he crushed and broke between his teeth. The hand being his right one, Mr. Jackson was at a great disadvantage. He finally succeeded, however, in grasping the animal by the throat and, with the unnatural strength of a man whose life is at stake, succeeded in choking the beast to death. The man was taken home and the serious wounds dressed. The dog has been chained, but frequently broken away and was the terror of children and of everybody else who passed that way.

The Williamsport *Sun and Banner* thus alludes to the address of J. L. Spangler, esq., before the Alumni of Dickinson Seminary on 18th ult.: "'We Seniors,' was the third toast and J. L. Spangler, Esq., of Bellefonte, replied to it with ready wit as he parred his defensive strokes against those of his opponent, Mr. Opp. His allusions to the tricks of the past called forth hearty applause (no doubt from sympathy,) while his allusions to the eminence to which his fellow seniors had arisen, and were rapidly rising, were worthy of the man who spoke them."

FIVE MEN KILLED.

Bryan, Ohio, June 28.—The particulars of the explosion in Von Behrens & Shaffer's flour mill at Stryker have just been learned. The mill was blown to atoms, burying thirty men, of whom 11 were supposed to be mortally injured. Five had died, among whom is the engineer, Ed Foster, who was hurled 200 feet against a lumber pile. Of the injured, E. R. Ayers was blown through the roof, landing 200 feet away, breaking every limb. He cannot live. W. Roop was taken from the debris after several hours in a dying condition.

The explosion was heard at least 15 miles away and many persons thought it was an earthquake. Pieces of the boiler, machinery and building were blown almost a mile away. A house quarter of a mile distant was struck by a large piece of the boiler, carrying away part of the roof and seriously injuring two occupants. The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is said the boiler had not been officially inspected for a long time.

THE DROWNING OF BOYS.

Watsontown, June 19.—This morning when Wm. Clapp, a farmer of Lewis twp., Northumberland county, arose from his slumbers, he discovered that his youngest son, Willie, had not spent the night at home. No particular significance, however, was attached to his absence, since he was regarded a very dutiful boy, and it being understood by a member of the family that he, in company with a young fellow named John Philips, who resided with John Balliet, a neighbor farmer, had gone swimming the night before in Warrior Run Creek, the Clapp family being under the impression that he had spent the night with Philps at Balliet's.

Not returning home as soon as it was reasonable to expect him, Mr. Clapp started for Mr. Balliet's, and while on the way met that gentleman coming over to see him concerning young Philips, and he was greatly astonished when Mr. Clapp informed him that he had not seen him. The awful fact became apparent to both men that the boys had been drowned. Going along the creek to the usual swimming place, they found the clothing of both the young men.

The neighborhood was aroused, search made and the bodies of the unfortunate fellows found locked in each others embrace. Young Clapp was about fifteen years of age, and his companion, John Philips, about thirteen. No theory as to their drowning has been advanced, except that one of them probably got into the water beyond his depth, and the other went to his assistance when both were drowned.

DISASTROUS WINDS AND WATERS IN SEVERAL COUNTIES.

York, June 26.—The storm in York county last night was very destructive. The dam at Glatfelter's paper mill gave way early in the evening, and the rush of water carried away every dam and bridge as far as Littlestown. In this town every bridge spanning the Codoras creek was swept away, as were also nearly two hundred houses and stables. There was no loss of life The submerged district includes, besides numerous private residences, stores, lumber yards and some of the large manufactories. Several of the latter are on the west side of the stream and the extent to which they suffered cannot be ascertained, as all the bridges, eight in number, and including the Pennsylvania railroad and Frederick division bridges, were swept away. Much live stock perished.

Thousands of feet of lumber have been washed away and valuable contents of many buildings wholly ruined. The Northern Central railway tracks were submerged for miles each way but the waters have fallen and the tracks are now clear. Railway communication between York and points on Frederic division of the Pennsylvania railroad is cut off. The loss will aggregate at least $500,000. Much distress will ensue. Relief committees have been organized and the sufferers are cared for as fast as applications are made.

Philadelphia, June 26.—A dispatch from Chambersburg says: By the heavy rain of last night about 300 feet of the Baltimore and Cumberland Valley railroad was washed away at Five Forks, also a bridge a short distance beyond and one abutment of a bridge near Waynesboro, necessitating a transfer of passengers in carriages a distance of two miles.

Gettysburg, Pa., June 26.—The heavy rain last night caused a slight washout on the Gettysburg and Harrisburg railroad but trains are now moving promptly. At Hanover Junction, on the Hanover and Gettysburg road, there is no outlet beyond Hanover Bridges, the embankment being badly washed between Hanover and Valley Junction. The Frederick division of the Pennsylvania railroad is also a sufferer. It will take several days to repair all the damage. No mails were received here to-day.

SHOOTS HIS SWEETHEART FIVE TIMES.

Vincennes, Ind., June 24.—Oliver Canfield, the fiendish murderer of Mollie Gherkin, was taken from jail by a mob of masked men at 1 o'clock this morning and hanged. The mob met no opposition from the Sheriff or his deputies except that he refused to deliver the keys of the jail. In consequence of this the mob had to break the jail doors. This occupied at least forty minutes. Canfield was found cowering in his cell and made an attempt to pray. He was hastened out to the street, where several hundred of the best citizens of the place were waiting to see what would be done. It was proposed that he be hanged near the jail, but the brute requested that he be hanged in sight of the house where he killed his sweetheart. This proposition was met with deafening yells from the crowd, and he was hurried up to a convenient telegraph pole within a stone's throw of the scene of the murder. The rope was soon adjusted around his neck, and amid applause of the crowd he was drawn to a height of ten feet and left to hang. There was scarcely a struggle, but the victim probably lived 30 minutes. A card was pinned to his coat requesting the Coroner to leave the body hang until noon. The mob did not disperse until daylight. Mollie Gherkin died early in the evening. Canfield's crime was the most fiendish ever recorded here. He took his victim in his arms, and instead of kissing or embracing her he shot her five times, two shots taking effect in the brain. She was conscious but once since she was shot. Her case was a most remarkable one and attracted wide attention from physicians.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Marion, Ohio, June 26.—Harrison Ulsh, a wealthy farmer of this county, it is said is to be arrested charged with killing Mrs. Levi Ulsh over 20 years ago. The death of Mrs. Ulsh was very mysterious and threw suspicion upon many of her relatives and neighbors. She was shot with a rifle late in the evening while sitting with a lighted lamp at the window.

BISMARCK AS IT IS.

Of all places along the Nothern Pacific, so far as they have been thus far exhibited or described to the guests of the excursion, Bismarck, it seems to me, most needs to enter upon systematic tree-culture, writes a correspondent of a New York paper. The city is in process of building on the northeastern bluffs of the Missouri. The railroad skirts what is at this time the bottom of the town. A vast basin of bottom land stretches away southward. The founders of the city selected their site not on the bank of the fickle river, but on the rising ground, beyond any reasonable possibility of inundation, and also where business will never be affected one way or another by the changing channel of this most unworthy river. Instead of counting for prosperity on navigation, the business centre of Bismarck is so far from, or rather so situated relative to, the steamboat landing that no one of the excursionists who strolled about the place suspected the presence at the landing of five or six steamers until they were on their way to the new capitol site. From the gently rising bluffs behind the city the whole of the vast circular valley, a graceful bend in the river, the steamboats at the landing, the lowly bluffs that constitute the boundary of the bottom lands, and the scattered buildings of the town are presented to the spectator as a landscape picture finished and framed. Thus situated, the city—every collection of houses west of the Mississippi is a city—lies exposed to the blazing sun in summer and unshielded from the winds of winter. The city itself is hardly susceptible of description at this time. Building has been going on for about six years, the Northern Pacific Railroad having done more to stimulate settlement than river navigation has ever done, or ever could do unaided by rail communication. There are four or five well-constructed and attractive brick buildings, three and four stories high. The business is for the most part, however, carried on in buildings of wood, constructed in the conventional style of frontier architecture. On the streets where most of the stores are, plank sidewalks are laid, but the resident portion of the town is not yet provided with other than nature's walks. When the excursion people stirred out of their cars the city was fast filling up with persons from Mandan, five miles away, and from the ranches and farm seats for many miles round. An opportunity was therefore afforded here, as it has been elsewhere, for mingling with both the townspeople and the back-country-men. Both classes, as represented on this occasion, presented a very creditable appearance. They seemed cheerful and contented with their ventures in Dakota. That they are hopeful of the future to a degree of buoyancy was readily discovered by conversing with them.

PETRIFYING LAND.

On the farm of John Reese, near Kimberton, East Pikeland township, Chester county, Pa., is a plot of ground which, it is thought, will petrify things buried in it. A quantity of petrified chips was recently picked up there which still bear the marks of an ax. In that spot the earth is of an entirely different character from that found in other parts of the farm. The soil is of a rather gummy nature, and it differs in color from the surrounding dirt. In order to test whether the soil will petrify foreign substances, pieces of wood and the carcass of a small animal are to be buried there and examined after a lapse of four years.

THE MORAVIAN DEAD.

The Moravians bury all their dead in rows, rich and poor side by side, each in the order of his or her death. The only division made is in one way; the babies, male and female, are given a row to themselves, then the children follow: first a row of boys, then a row of girls. Next comes a row of single men, then a row of single women, after which are those who were married at the time of their death, the women in one row and the men in another. The Moravian idea that all people are on a common level is illustrated most peculiarly in the manner of erecting their gravestones. All these are of uniform size and form, and lay flat on the surface of the grave, the only thing to distinguish the millionaire from the laborer being whatever inscription the relatives may choose to inscribe upon the face of the slab.

The following notice of a former citizen of Miles twp. we find in a Kansas paper: H. G. Concer, by a special contract, has accepted the position of traveling salesman for W. F. Dolan, a wholesale grocer of Atchison, and will start out on the road soon. Being a man of good address, and not without experience in the grocery business, Mr. Concer certainly will make a successful salesman, and we cheerfully wish him big sales.

COAL-TAR TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.

Our friend Reuben Gramley, of Miles, claims to have found a simple remedy against Canada thistles in an application of coal tar. Mr. Gramely tells us that a few days ago he applied about a table spoonful of coal tar to one of these hateful weeds and in looking after it a few hours thereafter found its wonderful effects, the thistle lay a withered and dead mass on the ground, and it will no doubt kill the roots as far as it follows them under ground. This is worthy a trial by all and Mr. Gramly deserves the thanks of every farmer for his discovery. There is a fine of $5 for allowing the Canada thistle to spread on a neighbor's ground by coming to seed.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	2 20 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	7 30 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 15 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 55 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 05 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	7 05 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 20 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 50 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 55 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	2 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, Gen'l Sup't.

FOR THE

-:FARMERS:-

—AND—

OTHERS.

—o—

We are still falling to low prices on all of our stock of merchandise.

HARPOON HAY FORKS,

(single and double,) at $4.50 to $5—sold a very short time ago at $7.50. Hay Fork Pulleys at 25c each. Best Manilla (not sisal) from ¼ to 2 inches.

Dunn's, Beardesly, Eagle and Clipper,

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES,

(Razor Edges) 75 cents to $1.15. Emory Stones, Scythe Stones and Rifles at unusually low rates.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE.

Our Silverware surprises every one for its beautiful appearance, elegance of design, and prices lower than were ever known.

PAPER BAGS.

We are all right again on paper bags. We quote the trade at 40 per cent. off and an extra 5 per cent. off on lots of 5,000 or more.

PUMPS.

There has been a great decline in the price of pumps. If you want one write to us for prices, or call and see them. Cistern pumps $3.50, formerly $5½. Chain pumps at $3½, formerly $5½.

LUMBER.

If you please look at this: 25,000 White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, flat and square headed, 3, 3½ and 4 feet. Frame lumber in large quantities at $14 per thousand feet. 18-inch, White Pine Shingles, No. 1, at $4½ per thousand, and less in large quantities. White Pine Selects and Barn Lumber, rough or surfaced, from $20 to $60 per thousand. White and yellow pine Flooring, 1-inch, at $25 per thousand. Hemlock Flooring from $18 to $22 per thousand.

TIN CUPS, BRASS KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, &c.

Think of Tin Cups at 25 cents per dozen, or 2 cents each; just as good as we make to sell at 5 cents each. Good stamped Tin Basins at 15, 18 and 25 cts. each. We are paying much attention to our tinware stock. More than we have ever done to supply the wants of every one with something that is really good

COAL. COAL.

Clearfield Coal in lots at shippers' prices. Anthracite Coal in lots at shippers' prices.

LOOK! PAINTS! LOOK!

Liquid Paints for houses, barns, roofs, etc., in four different colors, made to our own order at $1 per gallon.

GRAIN CRADLES.

Our supply of Grain Cradles this season is unusually large. Western cradle at $2½, Eagle Cradle at $2.75—best cradle in market, Ball's cradle, at $3½.

TIN CANS AND FRUIT JARS.

Ordered to be shipped to us on July 1, (in season) 21,600 Tin Quart Cans. Every can warranted, and will be offered for sale from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. At same time expect to receive 9,000 Mason Fruit Jars which are high and advancing but we will hold our present stock at present prices, without variation or abatement.

CEDARWARE & MATCHES

have our positive attention, all of which we are selling at Eastern prices. Good Brooms at $1.75 per dozen.

Door and Window Screens to suit any door or window, ready to put up.

100 barrels of Rosendale Cement at reduced prices. THE TRADE will please address us for trade prices.

Yours Yespectfully,

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf LEWISTOWN, PA.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to Heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And the time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

HIS AWFUL MISTAKE.

Doctor Wilfried Atkinson and Dr. Frederick Read sat in a pleasant room in a city hotel chatting confidentially.

Both were young somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, and both were enthusiastic students of the noble profession of medicine.

They had become intimate at college, and a strong friendship existed that had known no jar or break.

It was Fred Read who said:

"You will accept this offer?"

"Accept it?" cried his friend. "I should think so. It is what I want most in the world. You see, I have always been more interested in the study of insanity than in any other form of disease, and to be resident physician in an asylum, where I have only made weekly visits, gives me opportunity for study that I could never have elsewhere."

"Yes; I know all that, but it will be very confining. I think I prefer general practice, after all. But you may expect to see me often. How I shall miss you, old fellow!"

And then the talk drifted into other channels, until Dr. Atkinson discovered that it was time for his train to L——, where his new home and field of duty lay.

"You will come over often," he urged in parting from his friend; "and if I am busy or away, make yourself at home. The grounds are large, and very pleasant, and it you meet any of the patients, be sure those who are allowed to roam about inside the walls are harmless. Some of them are absolutely sane on every point but one; touch that, and off they go. But the eyes tell the story."

"Yes; it is hard to hide it there"

"And contradiction brings out the truth. As long as the delusions are humored they are generally amiable enough, but once cross them—whew!"

"I shall come over often and hear the results of your experience. My enormous practice takes about three hours a day."

In pursuance of this promise Doctor Read took the train abont once a week, and spent an hour or two with his friend, finding him generally busy, as his duties included a general superintendence of the asylum and details that were quite independent of professional work.

But Fred, as he became more familiar with the place, began to share his friend's interest in the study of mental disorders, and would often spend hours roaming through the wards and grounds, with only a few words to Dr. Atkinson.

It was when June was young, and the air soft and pleasant, that Doctor Read strolling about in the prettiest part of the grounds, saw a lady in a summer-house, whose face attracted him at once.

It was a very pale face, and the large dark eyes were languid, while the slender figure seemed weak, as if from recent illness,

But it was, too, a beautiful young face, shaded by waving brown hair, and with purely oval outline and regular features.

"A new patient," was Fred's mental exclamation. "What a lovely face!"

Then he sauntered over to the summer house and spoke to the lady.

To his consternation, she started, gave a quick gasping sob, and fainted.

It was not a very long insensibility, and under Fred's prompt treatment, the large eyes opened, and she whispered:

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you! But I have been very ill, and you startled me."

"I was very much to blame," he said penitently, "and I hope you will pardon me. Are you well enough now for me to run up to the house for a glass of wine?"

"I am well enough but I do not need it;" and she sat up again, and took up a piece of needle-work that had dropped from her hands. Her fingers still trembled, and a pretty flush came a moment into her pale face as she said:

"Are you one of the physicians here?"

"Only by courtesy," he replied. "I have the run of the place; but Dr. Atkinson is the physician. Old Dr. Hare is the head doctor, but he does very little."

"Yes, I know! It is a lovely place, is it not? Out here, I mean! Inside," and she shuddered, "the sounds are often dreadful. But the doctor at home thought a change of air would be good for me and so mamme sent me here."

"Change of air!" thought Fred. "Poor little thing! Quite unconscious of her infirmity."

And he chatted away with her, discussing the weather, the beauty of the grounds, the songs of the birds in the trees around them, and so gradually drifting to books, to comparisons of opinion and criticism. And all through a delightful hour Fred vainly tried to discover the one point upon which the new patient was insane.

Whatever it was evaded him, and he looked as vainly for any wandering or vacancy in the soft brown eyes that met his own, full of intelligence.

They were still conversing when one of the nurses came down the path leading to the summer house.

"Miss Bessie," she said, "Dr. Atkinson sent me to say you had better lie down for an hour or two, and he has sent some medicine to your room. Let me help you?"

Dr. Read, being a physician, made no attempt to detain the fair patient, noting with sincere sympathy how weak she was, and how wearily she leaned upon the nurse's strong arm.

He did not feel inclined to have any jesting about his interest, such as his friend was wont to indulge in when ladies were the subject, so he said nothing of his experience, and joined Dr. Atkinson in his "rounds" without hinting at any desire to see one especial patient—a desire not gratified, for there were only familiar faces in the wards.

But the summer-house was soon found to be Miss Bessie's resort. It was in a secluded part of the grounds, shaded by a thick clump of trees, and provided with a rustic table and comfortable chairs. Here the young girl made a cosy nest for herself, and the place looked home-like with her work-basket, her books, knitting, or sketch-book, her cushions and footstool.

"The doctor said I must be in the open air as much as possible," she told Fred one day, "and as no one seems to care much for this summer-house, I have appropriated it. Sometimes I have visitors," and her face saddened, "the poor patients here, you know, but they do not like the quiet, and soon leave me to myself."

She never classed herself with her companions, Fred noticed, often speaking pityingly of those more heavily afflicted. But this phase of mental delusion was very common.

But Fred had not, when July closed, found out the delusion of the sweet little girl he called "Miss Bessie." She had gained perfect health in the two months of quiet and open air; but while her eyes had lost their weary expression, they never stared or wandered, but were always steadily tranquil, or lighted only by the animation natural to interesting conversation.

In these two months Fred had scarcely seen Dr. Atkinson. His superior in office, Dr. Hare had gone away for a summer vacation, and a new wing was being added to the building. With the entire care of the house and the patients, the direction of the workmen, the work of selecting furniture, carpets and other necessaries for the new building, the resident physician had scarcely a moment to call his own, and Fred frequently did not see him at all during his visit.

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly woke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

He had deluded himself with the thought that it was pity, professional interest, even curiosity, that drew him again and again to the summer-house, where he was sure to meet a warm, if shy welcome, and where the hours flew by in utter content.

But so simple a matter as the reading of a poem had opened his eyes to the truth.

It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence, little bits from one of the books on the table, or a selection from a favorite work he brought with him, while Bessie sewed or knitted and listened to him.

And on this particular July day he had read a little love-poem nestled in the corner of a newspaper. It was not a wonderful production of genius, but it was pretty and tender.

Looking up, Fred saw a pair of blushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still.

He read the truth in a flash. He loved the lovely girl before him, and she—alas! she returned his love.

His first feeling was one of keen self-reproach. What if he had added to the mental infirmity that had caused this beautiful young creature to be sent to an asylum?

Would she forget him, or—dreadful possibility!—would the whole reason give way if he deserted her?

He scarcely knew how he reached home; but once there he sat down and looked the situation squarely in the face.

His own share of the affliction he put aside for the present.

He was a man, and he could bear his trouble manfully. That he loved, where his love must die, was, in a great measure, his own fault and folly; but that he had won a pure sweet heart, only to wound it, caused him bitter pain and regret.

Long meditation brought him to one resolution: He must see Dr. Atkinson, make a clear confession, and have his opinion of the danger to be anticipated.

"He knows where the weakness I have to discover lies," Fred thought, "and he can tell me whether it is safest to break off my visits suddenly or gradually."

It was not an easy matter to catch Dr. Atkinson, or, having caught him, to secure his attention, but something in Fred's troubled face aroused his friend's anxiety, and he turned his back for the time upon his manifold duties and shut himself in his private office with Fred.

At first he listened gravely enough, but as Fred proceeded his face became more and more amused, until, to the consternation of the penitent speaker, he threw himself back in his chair, and broke into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, Fred said, "it is funny, is it? I do not see it in that light. Even if his poor girl is insane——"

"Stop!" interrupted his friend; "don't get angry, my dear fellow. You really love her, you say?"

But Fred was too angry to answer.

"And she loves you—at least, you think so—and you want to know if it is a curable case, and—— Well, I will not torment you any more. Your charmer, Fred, is not a patient, nor, as far as I know, a lunatic."

Fred gave a long sigh, but only looked his eager questions.

"She is my sister, Bessie Atkinson, who has had a long winter of illness from typhoid fever, and is paying me a visit. I thought she was quite safe from intrusion in that summer-house, as the attendants have orders to keep the patients away from there, and I did not think of you. But since you have been prowling around so long, perhaps you had better come now and be introduced in form."

"One moment, Will. I have been a puppy, it seems, in taking her love for granted; but I have won it?"

"I am her eldest brother, and her father died years ago. I am quite sure that what I approve, my mother will sanction, and you must know nothing could please me better than to know Bessie has a lover I esteem so highly as I do you!"

"And—you will not tell her—will you, my awful mistake?"

"I can't promise. I'll try to keep the secret, but," and the doctor roared again, "the idea of Bess as a raging lunatic! Well, there, I won't tell her, at all events, until you have told her something far more interesting."

And he kept his word so loyally that Bessie Atkinson had been Bessie Read more than a year before she knew that her husband had ever considered her an interesting patient in a lunatic asylum.

A Sandstorm.

A wanderer in the desert says later in the day the sky assumed a grayish tint, then a deep yellow, and the sun became darkened and appeared as a blood-red disk. I perceived a cloud of sand rolling up from the west. With a roar it was upon us, and I had to bury my face in my *burnous* to shield it from the cutting particles of sand. The camels floundered about, blind and helpless; the Arabs howled and cried "Ada-a-alah;" the whole caravan was in a state of confusion. What track there had been previously was obliterated. The drivers had lost their way, and there was the ugly fact of our water being very limited in quantity; and water in in the dessert means life. Moreover, my *anaareb* (littter) slid off, and I was precipitated to the earth, miraculously escaping anything worse than a mere shaking. The distance between a camel's hump and his feet is a respectable one. Afterward I was placed for additional security between two camels, slung athwart; but one was rather smaller than the other—they, therefore, did not, strictly speaking, keep step. The result was the most excruciating movement ever experienced, which combined with the bruises and abrasions from the recent fall and a frame weakened by dysentery and an African climate, together with forbodings as to our probable fate if we did not strike the track again, produced a frame of mind far removed from that of Job's. We rested for the night, or rather a portion of it, in the midst of these unstable sands, and I was devoutly thankful to find my camel treading on firmer ground next day when we came to a plain of a similar nature to that we had passed previous to wading through the mounds of sand. But at length the track is hit off and at last O-Bak is reached. This small oasis has about 30 wells. The water is brackish and barely drinkable. The wells are small shafts sunk in the sand, with wooden curbing. The wells are constantly filling, and new ones being sunk. Before reaching this station we passed many graves of those who had perished in the desert. They were marked by borders of stones—simple memorials of simple lives and lonely deaths. Before reaching O-Bak we passed a strange block of granite, the base of which is worn by the sand so that it is pear-shaped. This well-known landmark is known as Aboo-Odfa. Some few miles further on we passed another mass, weird and solitary.

The Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting. when a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it, means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well never mind what it means, nobody ever does that! To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh! do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off."

"A Bridal Tower."

One of the steamers plying between Detroit and Cleveland ran over a skiff one night and drowned its occupant. When he had been identified, an agent called upon his wife to see if a settlement could be affected. She was not in tears nor prostrate with grief. On the contrary, she was at the wash-tub and in good humor. When the matter was broached, she said:

"Well, now, my husband took home the washings, brought in the coal, and was of use in several other different ways, and his death is quite a loss to me."

"About what sum do you feel would make you good?" he asked.

"Now, then, be honest with me," she replied, after taking a moment to think. "How much will a bang-up bridal tower from here to Niagara Falls and back cost?"

"Well, $300 ought to put you through first class, and give you three days at the Falls."

"Well, say $350. That gives me money for new shoes and a bonnet, and I may want to dye my hair and buy some stockings."

The money was handed over and a receipt taken, and the "tower" took place the next week.

Among the Dunkards.

The Dunkard Church in Washington, at the late celebration of the Lord's Supper, the aisle was divided down the center by a long table, and this table was divided in the center to allow passage between. At one end the men sat on benches ranged along the table. The other end or division of the table was in like manner occupied by the women. A strip of planks with pegs in it was over the men's table, and was hung full of their immense hats. A staircase in one corner went up into the loft above, where all the congregation who have come any distance sleep on the floor and in bunks. They bring their bedding with them, and, as they do not insist upon the separation of the sexes, a great many can be accommodated in this garret. People acquainted with their habits said that they slept in sackcloth and ashes while here for several nights. A door at the foot of the stairs led into the kitchen, in which a tremendous fire crackled under a great iron pot, hanging on a crane in a spacious chimney, that would easily burn a cord of wood uncut. From this pot a savory steam escaped and made its way through the open door, pervading the atmosphere with a most appetizing odor of beef. Soon there were prayers from first one and then another of the men, alternated with exceedingly brief and crude addresses. Hymns were also lined out and sung to very monotonous tunes. During all the time the men at their respective tables were embracing and kissing each other. It looked rather strange to see two men with Esau-like beards kissing each other. There were several negroes at the tables, who were embraced and kissed just the same as the other members, and bestowed their kisses equally as freely.

After these addresses, prayers and hymns had gone on for an hour or more some of the men and women brought little wooden tubs and towels. Then one man or one woman, as the case might be, washed the feet of another, after their boots or shoes and woolen stockings were removed, kissing them both before and after it. Another, with his coat removed (if a man), and a towel about the waist, wiped the feet after bestowing the kiss of brotherly love, as it is called; then gave up the towel and tub to some one else, who performed the same office for them in turn. This custom, as one of the preachers explained, "was to show their humility and brotherly love," and also to follow Christ at the last supper. After this office had been concluded, praying, singing and speaking went on as before. A man now entered bearing a great basket of bread, a slice of which, about nine inches long, five wide and of an indefinite thickness, was laid in front of each person; next a spoon was put at each place; then dishes of soup with square bits of bread broken in it, was placed so that there was one for every four persons; then appeared huge pieces of boiled beef. Everything being thus prepared, one of the preachers explained that according to their reading of the Scriptures the communion did not mean simply the taking of the elements of bread and wine, but that the last supper of Christ was a feast, and their aim was to imitate Him exactly. After a blessing had been asked in the ordinary way, with all standing around, they began to eat heartily. Without waiting to clear up the table they proceeded to complete their communion by taking the latter part of the feast. This consisted of what appeared to be unleavened bread, made into long thin strips eight inches long, an inch wide and about the thickness of a newspaper when folded. An explanation of the ceremony was made by a minister, and a sort of informal blessing of the elements were pronounced. The slices of bread were lying in a napkin, while the wine was in two patent medicine bottles labeled "liver corrector."

The bread was distributed, one person taking a strip with two of his companions and breaking it into three pieces, thus again following out their idea of a preservation of the Trinity, as they do on every posssible occasion. The wine, or "liver corrector," was next poured into tin cups, and likewise distributed, both among women and men, as the bread had been. During and after the ceremony there was much kissing and embracing, and after the communion singing, praying and speaking was again resumed.

Making a Lead Pencil.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" said the manufacturer. "First let me tell you how we make a pencil. See this small black powder? That's graphite. It costs 25 cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay and this powder together and grind them in a mill, allowing moisture to be added during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty.

"This paste we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead, except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into the proper length and bake them in an oven kept at a very high heat. There we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in the harder the lead.

"The cedar we use comes principally from the swamps of Florida, and it is obtained entirely from the fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths, some thick to receive the lead, and others thin, for the piece that is glued over the lead. The blocks are sawed for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie.

The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done the thin block is glued fast to the thick one. When dry the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Then they are run through a machine that shapes and burnishes them, and they are ready to be tied in bundles, boxed and put out.

The different grades in value are made by finer manipulations of the graphite. Here is a pencil that is about the average quality used in everyday business. It costs a little more than ½ of a cent to get it ready for market. We sell it to dealers at 100 per cent. profit, and the dealer makes much more than that. Of this grade an operator and the machinery will easily make 2,500 a day.

"There is a pencil in that case. It is a cheap looking thing isn't it? Don't look worth more than a cent, does it? Well, it would take a $10 bill to buy that. The cedar that surrounds the lead in that pencil was centuries old, I guess, before any cedar that is standing to-day began to grow. It was taken from a marl-bed in Orange County, New York, at the depth of sixty feet, and near it was found a mastodon's remains. That bone knob on the pencil was a piece of that mastodon's tooth. No, I don't think $10 would buy that pencil."

A Detroiter.

A Detroiter who put in a part of the winter in a Tennessee town made a number of friends, among whom was a gentleman called Colonel, and another known as Judge. Both were recent arrivals in the place, and no one knew just how they came by their titles or by what right they wore them. The Colonel and the Judge were good friends for awhile, but at length they had a falling out over, politics and the lie was passed. This brought a challenge, which was duty accepted. In the course of a couple of hours the Colonel called on the Detroiter and said:

"The Judge is a good fellow at heart, and I hate to kill him. May be you had best go quietly to the Sheriff, and he will appear on the ground in the morning and interfere."

The Colonel had scarcely disappeared when the Judge came in and said:

"I've been challenged by the Colonel."

"Yes I know."

"And I've accepted."

"Yes."

"And I'll certainly kill him, for I'm a deadshot."

"Well, he must take his chances."

"Yes, but he's a good fellow and I hate to slaughter him. You might drop quickly around to the Sheriff and give him the wink, and of course he'll prevent the duel and the Colonel's life will be saved."

Both principals understood that the Sheriff was to be notified, but that official did not recieve the slightest hint of the affair. On the contrary, every effort was made to keep any knowledge from him, and morning came to find the men on the ground and in a great state of anxiety. Things were delayed as long as possible, and finally, when it was realized that the Sheriff would not show up, the Colonel apologized, the Judge said he was sorry, and the duel was declared off. Neither of the men would afterwards walk on the same side of the street with the Detroiter.

Plowing by Steam.

If Cincinnatus, with a couple of his long-horned steers and his old-fashioned straight beamed plow, with its wooden spike driven through, simply to tickle the ground, had been out to Fargo a short time ago, when the Dakotians were breaking the virgin soil with a steam plow, the old gentleman would most likely have sent a special to Washington advising that the new people of the Northwest be admitted into the Union at once, With his rig Cincinnatus could not have broken one acre a year in Dakota.

In prairie countries, like Dakota and Iowa, the plowing field is often the whole length of the farmer's quarter section of land—that is, a half-mile furrow. And at the first plowing or breaking of the soil it takes a man with four horses or four oxen, and a boy to drive them, a day to break a little over an acre. An acre and a half a day is good work. And it is hard tugging for man and animal and plow.

The new sulky plows, by which a man takes his seat on the plow a good deal as he does in a road sulky, made it far easier for the man but a little heavier for the beasts. By the arrangement just tried at Fargo a traction steam engine draws eight plows after it, and instead of one breaks twenty-five acres a day. Breaking by the old method is worth $3 an acre and it is held that the steam plow can afford to break at $1 an acre. The main advantage of course in this is in the fact that by this saving a great many men are freed from manual labor and sent into politics, while two-thirds of the agriculturist's capital is left free for speculation.

Hygienic.

Never begin a dinner with pie.

Never sleep in your overshoes.

Never ride a thin horse bareback.

Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.

Never put your feet in the fire to warm them.

Never swallow your food before you chew it.

Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head.

Never jump out of the window for a short cut.

Never drink more than you can carry comfortably.

Never give a tramp your summer clothing in the winter.

Never jump more than ten feet to catch a ferry-boat.

Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.

Never sit by a red-hot stove with a seal-skin cap or ulster on.

Never thrust your knife more than half way down your throat.

Never kick an infuriated bull-dog when you have slippers on.

Never let your clothes dry on you when you are caught in the rain.

Never walk into a parlor at a reception, and put your feet on the mantelpiece. It will cause the blood to run to your head.

The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1295 yards, or a fibre nearly three quarters of a mile in length.

The Montana Rainbow

"New drinks? Of course. Lots of new names, anyhow."

The speaker was John Mahon, a well-known bartender and mixer of fancy beverages. He served in the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans during its palmy days, and in the Cercle des Estrangers in Havana, Cuba.

"I understand," said a reporter at Denver, "that a great many new fancy drinks will be introduced during the coming season."

"I hardly think so," said Mr. Mahon. "There will be some new fancies in drinks, but the greater majority of them will be some of the old southern and western mixtures under new names. I want to say as a beginning that one of the best drinks ever thought of for summer is coming into fashion this year, although it has been neglected since before the war. I mean port wine sangaree. How I remember the time when the planters came down the river and flocked into the St. Charles' bar. 'What will you have gentlemen?' I would say; 'Well, I think I will try a sangaree,' said the first one of the party, and all the rest would follow suit. 'How do you make a sangaree in the old way?' 'Well, you fix your mixing-glass with cracked ice, put in three spoonfuls of sugar. a dash of lemon juice, two strawberries or slices of pineapples, and fill with port wine. Shake well, so as to extract the flavor of the strawberies or the pines, strain, and serve with fruit and straws. Price 20 cents.

"I think the next best is a Florida drink known as the orange cocktail. It's very simple, but it makes a luscious drink. Fill your glass with ice as before, put in a pony glass of orange bitters, fill with gin or whisky, as called for, shake well, and strain; serve with three strawberries or pineapple. Price 25 cents."

"Do all fancy drinks run about the same way?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, dear no," said Mr. Mahon. "Here's the famous St. Charles 'spitfire,' which very few men drink, but which is coming into favor as a winter night-cap. Fill your glass with a sufficient quantity of the best brandy. Burn it with loaf sugar, and when you have your brandy sufficiently burnt and your sugar dissolved, then stir it thoroughly, add a slice of orange and lemon, cover with ice, shake thoroughly, strain thoroughly, and serve with straws and strawberries or pineapple dice. Price 40 cents. This drink is only intended for old-timers and sporting men."

"Is there anything especially out of the way, Mr. Mahon?" said the reporter, with the deference due to such a Nestor in the art.

"Well," said Mr. Mahon. "I have studied out a couple of drinks—one of them is square and the other is fancy. Though for the matter of that both are fancy as far as the name goes. I call the first a strawberry cobbler. Take a dozen strawberries, picked and clean, bruise them against the sides of your glass until you have all the juice, take out the pulp with your spoon, add two spoonfuls of sugar, ice, and a medium-sized glass of Catawba wine, or California Angelica, if you have not the Catawba. Shake well, then add the strawberry pulp, fill up with milk, shake again, and serve with nutmeg if desired. Thirty cents for that luxury.

"You mustn't go until I show you my dude drink. I spent nearly three months on this before I could get it to work right. Now watch me. I call this drink the Montana Rainbow. I fill this big tumbler with cracked ice, having previously placed four spoonfuls of sugar at the bottom. You see this stumpy bottle. It contains a cordial manufactured by a French chemist named Chalvin, in this city. It is sticky, and the secret of this drink is that I found out this cordial would leave a sticky film over ice. Now I pour two glasses of this cordial over the ice, allow it to settle a couple of minutes, and then strain it off. Then I begin to build the drink. A layer of dark Burgundy comes first, then some light sherry, then a little fine claret, then some Chartreuse, and then some good brandy. The brandy permeates through the rest, but their relative positions do not change because each one is lighter than the one before it. Add the white of an egg at the top, skake well, and let it settle. See what you have got. The different-colored liquors follow in rotation, the cracked ice retaining the color gives the glass the appearance of a kaleidoscope, and the white of an egg crowns the edifice like the snow on the top of one of the Rockies. How much had a drink like that to be worth? Don't know? Well, every dude that calls for a Montana rainbow has got to lay down 50 cents, and I expect to make money enough at that."

The Decay of Manners.

With the departure of the stately graces and formal politeness of the old school from society, went several social arts which have hardly been replaced by any modern accomplishments. To turn a compliment neatly, to hand a lady to her carriage, or assist her to mount her horse gracefully, to tell a good story, or to read well a poem to a room full of cultivated listeners, are among the arts not lost, perhaps, but certainly mislaid in these piping, active times of ours.

It was considered essential in our grandfathers' days that the young men should be taught these graceful nothings and arts of a polite education, the education of a gentleman; and those of us who have had the good fortune to know a survivor of that well-bred generation have been charmed, perhaps, with that ease of manner, and courteous consideration for the feelings of others, which are as rare now as a rich family heirloom or real antiques. To rise a step higher, the art of conversation, how uncommon it is! How few men, even of abundant leisure, care to cultivate the talents required to make a good talker; to refine the voice and the manner of using it; to read discriminately; to polish the stock in trade of language, and add to it with taste and care. Verily the telegraph and telephone are making of us mere automata, which jerk out certain syllables and infinitum, the secret of their motion consisting simply in winding them up periodically.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage drivers is met with now-a-days and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo,) is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its concepuon of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale lookers on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces"

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

"Now," said the justice to the witness, "you will please tell just how it happened."

"Yes, sir, I'll try. The prisoner and that man were eating dinner at the same table, and they got to quarreling, when the prisoner just up with a dab of mashed Irish potatoes, and hit that other man on the head with it."

"Do you, sir," said the justice sternly, "pretend to tell the court that a dab of mashed potatoes, even when thrown with the greatest violence, can make a gash five inches long on a man's head, and knock him senseless? If you trifle with the court you will be locked up."

"Judge, I reckon I forgot to say that when the prisoner threw the dab of mashed potatoes at the man, he forgot first to take the dab out of the dish."

Boudoir incident: "How very warm it is this morning!" said a New Haven belle to her friend, into whose boudoir she had intruded. "Yes, it is very, very warm, Cicely, dear. You surely are not out for a walk this morning?" "Why, cert'nly,' to borrow a phrase from Mr. Burnand. You know in such a morning one has ample opportunity to prove the genuiness of her complexion." If she hadn't have glanced suspiciously at the various articles of toilet on the dressing case there would have been no trouble. But at it is, words cannot be coined to express the coolness existing between these two charming women.

Mystery explained: Gus De Smith called at a very fashionable house on Austin avenue a few days ago, and acted so queerly that when that lady's husband came home she said: "What is the matter with young De Smith? He acted so strangely. I think there must be a screw loose abont him somewhere." "Reckon not. I saw him this morning, and he was right all over."

Theological item: "What is the devil?" asked an Austin Sunday school teacher of the new boy, who was quite small. "I don't know what it is, but it can't run as fast as my pa can." How do you know that the devil can't run fast?" "Because I heard pa say he always catches the devil when he comes home late at night from the lodge. I reckon I'll be able to catch it, too, when I get to be as big as pa." "I've no doubt of it," remarked the teacher, with a sigh."

AGRICULTURE.

Compounding Dust Baths.—I have been trying several kinds of material for a sand bath inside the poultry house. From close observation I find that they dislike to wallow in sand and wood ashes when unmixed—my fowls have dug into the ground floor and made a wallowing bath, and left both wood and coal ashes entirely untouched. After experimenting I find that a bath consisting of fine sand, dug from the floor, and mixed with equal portions of old lime, wood, and finely sifted coal ashes, is very good. The poultry seem to enjoy it very much, —besides wallowing, they constantly keep picking, no doubt for the old lime. Since I have used this compound my fowls have dusted themselves very much more than I have known them to do during any former winter. So far I have had every egg hard shelled also; not one soft or partially formed shell. I feed mornings boiled turnips, carrots, potatoes, raw cabbage, all well mixed with dry, coarse bone meal. I knead all with my hands, mixing well, not using a drop of water beyond what may be poured upon hard crusts of stale bread. In no winter have my poultry done better, so far, in all respects with regard to eggs, health, etc.

In preparing nests place a few inches of earth in the bottom or invert a sod. "If the hens are troubled with lice," says a poultry monthly, "put a spoonful of sulphur on the bottom of each nest before you put eggs under them, a layer of fine-cut straw, then more sulphur over it. It would be well to place a few medicated or porcelain eggs under each hen before you trust them with valuable ones, and when they show an inclination to fulfil their tasks faithfully, then carefully place the choice eggs under them at night. A supply of corn and oats, fresh water and a convenient dust box are important necessaries in the management and care of sitting hens. A dust bath at hand is an excellent thing for broody hens, for at this time, if at all, they are infested with lice, the feverish state of their bodies being favorable for their propagation. Frequent dusting with sulphur and carbolic powder is necessary.

A Wash for Fruit Trees.—Some of the agricultural papers are advertising caustic potash, or strong lye made from wood ashes, as a wash for fruit trees. This will remove all the moss and rough bark, but trees on which it has been used look red and sort of burned, and soon have rougher bark than ever. The following we have long used, and know it to be much the better preparation. Buy common caustic soda if you can get it; if not, buy sal-soda or common washing soda; place it in an iron kettle and over the fire; gradually heat it, stirring often until it turns red, when it becomes caustic. Dissolve one pound of this in from one to two gallons of water, as the trees have more less rough bark and moss attached, and with it wash trees. It will remove all foreign matter as effectually as the potash wash, and will leave the bark of a healthy green color. Try it.

All French draught horses are Norman horses, from whatever province in France they may come. There are different tribes of families in the different provinces, all tracing in their origin to the ancient Norman war horse. The Percheron, the Boulonnais and other tribes have their admirers, and are they called by their local names, but the National Norman Horse Association, comprising nine-tenths of all the importers of French draught horses in America, recognizes them all as Norman.

One of the very finest effects of phosphate on wheat was the result of drilling it in between the rows of wheat with the same drill that was used in seeding the previous Fall. No phosphate was applied when the grain was sown. The good effect of the Spring dressing was, doubtless, in part owing to the cultivation which the drill teeth gave the wheat plants going between the rows. Both the cultivation and the manure united, and each probably made the other more effective.

It is found in practice that beans are not a good crop precede wheat. One reason possibly is that they leave soil in too loose a condition or the roots will not hold in Winter. But the chief objection to beans as a fallow crop is that they rob the soil of precisely the food that the wheat plant requires, phosphate and nitrogen. Farmers who grow beans this Summer should save their land for Spring again, which will give opportunity for more plant food to accumulate before wheat roots are started in search of it.

In growing cabbage one of the conditions is the thorough pulverization of the soil, and it should be deep. Set out the plants in freshly-plowed land and allow plenty of manure. The crop is one that responds to liberal and frequent cultivation. In fact it cannot be worked too often. Well-rotted compost is the best to use where there is a tendency to club foot, but as the cabbage is a grass feeder it will thrive on any kind of rich manure.

Silkworms will live on lettuce, castor-oil plant leaves and other plants, but they can only make silk from the leaves of the mulberry or osage orange. The best mulberry is the Japan (white), though there are five kinds of white, two of black and several of different shades. The Japan yields one pound of cocoons to ten pounds of leaves, while the others range from twelve to fourteen pounds of leaves to each pound of cocoons.

Clover hay is much better for milch cows than timothy. It produces a large quantity of milk, and also of a better quality. All butter makers know how yellow the butter is which is made from the milk of cows fed on clover hay.

Clean the poultry house and sprinkle with ashes or plaster. If lice abound, apply kerosene in small amounts to the perches, from which it will spread to the birds in effective quantities.

A ton of bran is said to make manure worth $14.50. This leaves its cost for stock feeding very small. But it is probable the manurial value is much less when fed to milch cows to increase the product of milk.

HUMOROUS.

The tramp ascended the front steps, and after taking the precaution to read the doorplate, rang the bell with a free-and-easy confidence born of previous successes. The door was opened by a woman, as the tramp had anticipated. "Is Mr. Brown in?" he asked. The woman took an inventory of his face and clothing, and replied sharply, "No, Mr. Brown isn't in; but *Mrs.* Brown *is*. I've just sent Brown for a cent's worth of yeast; when he comes back he'll have to put out the line and hang up the wash; then I shall send him out with the baby, and after that he will have his sweeping and dusting to do. No, you can't see Mr. Brown to-day, and 'twouldn't make any difference if you could; *I* attend to business here." The tramp said he guessed he'd mistaken the house, and Mrs. Brown, as she slammed the door, said she reckoned he had. Then the tramp shuffled away from the house in search of another where the women were not so self-poised and high-spirited.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Playing with the baby: In the steam car, the other day, was a bright little four-year-old lady. An elderly gentleman, a few seats back, every time the little one turned around, would shake his finger, or duck his head, or "cluck," or do some one of the score of things that are supposed to be especially pleasing to babies. The little girl answered these kindly attentions with a vacant stare, until, apparently surfeited and grown tired of them, she exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard half through the car, "Mamma, I really believe that old fool is trying to make love to me." The old gentleman stopped at once.

A Ruinous Blockade.

The blockade of the intestinal canal caused by constipation should be broken as speedily as possible, as it ruins the general health and bodily comfort. But while relief is most desirable, it should not be attempted by the use of violent purgatives like calomel, podyphyllin pills, and salts and senna. These and like antiquated cathartics, which enlightenment has banished from the domain of rational meditation, unduly relax the bowels, while Hostetter's Stomach Bitters not only relieves, but invigorates the organs, besides regulating the stomach and liver, upon the health and activity of which the regularity of the bowels is largely dependent. Moreover, as constipation tends to aggravate or beget other bodily disorders, it is of great moment to overcome them at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only specially adapted to its permanent removal, but it is an invaluable remedy for rheumatism, kidney and bladder complaints, want of stamina and loss of appetite. Residents and visitants of fever and ague localities bear testimony, also, to its preventive and remedial properties.

When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning, one morning, he read on the blackboard the touching legend:

"Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement We administered it, and he was instantly relieved."

Popularity of lawn tennis: "Do you play lawn tennis this season, Miss—?" inquired he, last evening? "No, I never learned the game. Is it interesting?" "Yes, very. You see, there are four courts on each side—" "That is eight courts, isn't it? Why, if I had known there was so much courting in the game I should have been an expert by this time." "Oh, I assure you, but you are an expert." There is no use in pursuing this scheme further.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"When I look at the quackery and speciosity of the times, I determine to cast all tolerance to the winds," said Carlyle in conversation just reported. "My dear fellow," said Sterling, slyly, "I had no idea you had any to cast."

Some Ancient Ballads.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century: "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1609; "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580 —Carboline the world renowned Hair renewer was invented in 1878.

No man ever lost his credit, but he who had it not.

Hardly a newspaper printed but speaks of a sudden death by heart disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator would have cured it, strong assertion; but many have said they were taken from the grave by it. $1. per bottle at druggists.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

Mothers.

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgts.

The hours perish and are laid to our charge.

Hale's Honey
of
Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1.—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions etc.*

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor in simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Why ?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ *SOLID PROOF OF THIS.*

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Try it on the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster*. ☞ Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

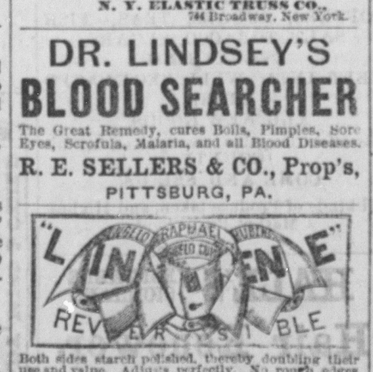
HOP PLASTER

LAME BACK

Hop Plaster Company,
— Proprietors, Boston, Mass. —

☞ For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

CATARRH



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ELY'S Cream Balm

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: "It cured my son of Scrofula."—*J. E. Brodie, Painesville, O.* "It cured my child of Eruptions."—*Rev. E. Pantier, Lawrence, Pa.* Price $1. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Pittsburgh, Pa. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrapper.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

*Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies are gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

BEST TRUSS EVER USED.

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the

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The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

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Both sides starch polished, thereby doubling their use and value. Adjusts perfectly. No rough edges to annoy. Worn and preferred by MILLIONS of all classes. DO YOU WEAR THEM? If not, why not? Dealers sell 10 for 25c. We post-pay TRIAL COLLAR FREE, 12 to 18 in., or pair of Cuffs, 9 to 12 in., for 5 cents. Mention this paper.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., FACTORY: CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Sleeplessness & nervousness cured; 25c. for sample of 25 doses. J. S. DODGE, M. D., Lincoln, Vt.

$65 A MONTH and board for 3 live young Men or Ladies in each county to take orders for the sales of BLAINE & LOGAN. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Phila.

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I also have ready prospectus of the forthcoming humorous book "MY WIFE'S FOOL OF A HUSBAND" 125 Illustrations by Williams. The HIT OF THE YEAR! W. H. THOMPSON, Pub., 404 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

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DOMESTIC.

Amber Pudding.—One dozen large tart apples, one cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, six eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter, enough puff or chopped paste to line a three pint pudding dish. Pare and quarter the apples. Pare the thin rind from the lemon, being careful not to cut into the white part. Put the butter, apple and lemon-rind and juice in a stew-pan with half a cupful of water; cover tightly and simmer three-quarters of an hour, rub through a sieve, add the sugar and set away to cool. Line the dish with paste. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and stir into the cooled mixture. Turn this into the lined dish. Bake slowly for half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually beat into them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Cover the pudding with this; return to the oven, and cook twelve minutes with the door open. Serve either hot or cool.

To Dye Kid Gloves Black.—Stuff the fingers with small seeds or bran, and the hand with rags. Put one-half ounce tincture muriate of iron into a teacup of warm water, and with a rag brush the solution over the glove, being careful to touch every spot. With a clean rag brush the dye all over the glove that has been wet with the iron solution, and hang it up to dry. After drying, repeat the operation, and if necessary give it a third coat. It will take only a few moments. When the color is satisfactory and the gloves dry, put them on the hand and rub firmly over every portion until the dull black becomes glossy, then finish by rubbing with a rag slightly oiled.

Kalsomine.—Eight pounds of whiting and one quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat till it is perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash the consistency of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of Paris mixed with water. Colors to tint the walls may be procured at any paint store. If zinc white is used instead of whiting, it will last for years.

Potato Soup.—A quart of milk, six large potatoes, one stalk of celery, an onion and a tablespoonful of butter. Put milk to boil thirty minutes. Turn off the water and mash fine and light. Add the boiling milk and the butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Rub through a strainer, and serve immediately. A cupful of whipped cream, added when in the cream tureen is a great improvement. This soup must not be allowed to stand, even if kept hot. Served as soon as ready, it is excellent.

French Beans a la Poulette.—Choose some young and tender French beans and remove all fibres by breaking off the ends; wash, and boil in boiling water; when done toss them in melted butter seasoned with chopped thaves and parsley; stir in a little flour, he inch of salt and same stock, reduce pie sauce, thicken with yelks of egg, flavor with a few drops of lemon, and serve.

Rhubarb Cream Pie.—One pint stewed rhubarb, four ounces sugar, one pint cream, two ounces powdered cracker, three eggs. Rub the stewed rhubarb through a sieve, beat the other ingredients well together, and just as the pie is ready for the oven, stir in the rhubarb; pour the whole into a plate lined with pastry. Cover with strips and bake.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms Heart Disease, of nervousness and sleeplessness.

Molasses Cookies.—Two cups molasses, three-quarters cup of lard, two teaspoons soda, one of ginger and one of salt, half a cup of water. Dissolve the soda in the molasses; cut the lard into a cup of flour; add the spice and salt, and mix with the molasses. Then put in the water and add flour enough to roll out. Cut with a biscuit-cutter and bake in a quick oven.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

Stuffed Potatoes.—After the potatoes are well washed, bake them until soft. Cut a piece from the top of each potato, and scoop out the soft pulp with a spoon, taking care not to break the skins. Mash the pulp well through a colander, season with salt, and mash with it plenty of butter. Return the mixture to the cases and brown the tips with a salamander or red-hot shovel.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A sowing of oats or barley as soon as the soil can be got in condition, will make a feed for cows before clover or fodder corn can be ready to cut. This early sowing may be followed with corn for soiling later in the season.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cupid is the greatest sleigh-belle in the world.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors New York. Sold by druggists.

Never jest or be witty at the expense of others.

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant. 15c. Druggists

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Respect age and do not dispute with an old person.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C.N. Otterson, N.Y.

Important Reduction in the price of

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One Ounce bottles reduced from 15c. to 10c.
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The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us as the imitations are worthless.

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DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 113 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

Card Collectors. Handsome new set cards, four 1c stamps. A. G. Bassett, Rochester, N. Y.

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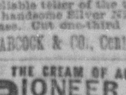

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 2, '84

LOGAN'S DEMOCRACY.

A Specimen of His Fire-Eating Oratory in His Early Congressional Career.

Washington, June 20.—Upon the 5th of February, 1859, John A. Logan made a fiercely Democratic speech in the House of Representatives. The speech bristled with such fierce invective and such positive declarations that the memory of the speech has never grown faint in subsequent political discussions. As the years have rolled on charges have been made that Gen. Logan made disloyal speeches in the House before the war. But the record shows nothing of this kind. It does show, however, that Logan was an ultra-Democrat, who believed in the rigid enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, the extension of slavery to the Territories and that the North was, by its encouragement of Republicanism, hastening the break-up of the Union. In one place in the speech of 1859 Logan speaks of John Brown as a "traitor, thief and scoundrel."

The following paragraph from the speech of that time fairly illustrates its spirit:

"Sir, are there not hundreds and hundreds of fugitive slaves passing through Ohio and Illinois and the great Northwestern States who belong to the constituency of those people here representing the Southern States on this side of the house? Why is it, if you are good, Constitution-loving citizens, loyal to the Constitution, if you love the Union, love the Constitution, why is it that you do not do justice to these men by taking their fugitives and returning them to their masters as the Constitution and the statutes of the country require? Why, gentlemen, do you not do it? Yet you say: 'Oh, we will take no right from you Southern men that you are entitled to under the Constitution.' Every fugitive that has been arrested in Illinois or in any Western States—and I call Illinois a Western State, for I am ashamed longer to call it a Northern State—has been made by Democrats. In Illinois the Democrats have all that work to do. You call it the dirty work of the Democratic party to catch fugitive slaves for the Southern people. We are willing to perform that dirty work. I do not consider it disgraceful to perform any work, dirty or not dirty, which is in accordance with the laws of the land and the Constitution of the country and calculated to assist men in recovering that which is their right, guaranteed to them under the Constitution and laws of the land.

"What further do these gentlemen of the North want who are talking here so much and boasting in reference to their constitutional obligations? I ask you to tell me in reference to this Harper's Ferry Tory of John Brown. In Illinois—in the State from which I come—in Chicago there was a sympathizing meeting held in favor of John Brown, and ministers of God or pretended ministers of God attended the meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy with the traitor, thief and scoundrel; yet no Republican representative in that portion of the state raised his voice against such proceedings.

In reply to Haskins in another place Logan said: "All that I have to say in reply is that I came here as a Democrat and I expect to support a Democrat. I may have differed with gentlemen upon this side of the house in reference to issues that are passed, but God knows that I have differed from the other side from my childhood, and with that side I will never affiliate so long as I have breath in my body." (Applause.)

MOBBING HEBREWS.

St. Petersburg, June 24.—Intelligence from Nizhnee-Novgorod now confirms the reports of a conflict between Christians and Jews at that place. On 19th a rumor was circulated through the suburb to the effect that a Jew had kidnapped a Christian child and taken it to a synagogue. A mob quickly collected and attacked the synagogue where the child was supposed to be. Many of the Jews were harshly handled and several were killed.

Much damage was done also to the houses of the Jews. A large force of police and a detatchment of Cossack infantry succeeded at last in restoring order. A hundred and fifty arrests were made.

The number of Jews killed in the riot was about nine. Six houses were wrecked and many were plundered.

TIME IS MONEY.

Time and money will be saved by keeping Kidney-Wort in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the kidney, liver and bowels and for all diseases arising from obstructions of these organs. It has cured many obstinate cases after hundreds of dollars had been paid to physicians without obtaining relief. It cures constipation, piles, biliousness and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

DROWNING ACCIDENT IN POLAND.

Warsaw, June 23.—The river Vistula is flooded high and to-day causes great damage and loss of life at this point. An immense bridge has recently been erected at a cost of $2,000,000. Crowds of people were standing on the bridge watching the flood. So intent were they in gazing at the furious torrent as it swept on its way to the sea that some of them failed to hear the warning creak of the irons and planks of the massive structure till it was too late. Most of the multitude escaped in safety, but twenty of the number fell into the seething stream with the bridge and were carried away. All attempts to rescue the drowned were unavailing.

The soothing restorative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral are realized at once in all cases of colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, while its far-reaching and healing qualities are always demonstrated in the most serious pulmonary disorders.

Pittsburg, June 25.—A terrible thunder storm passed over a portion of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio yesterday, damaging property and killing several persons and a large amount of live stock.

Washington, Pa., June 25.—Hornbeck & Co's planing mill at Greenfield was struck by lightning and was entirely consumed. The loss is $20,000.

London, June 23.—Dispatches from Eastern Europe continue to bring intelligence of disastrous floods. The river Vistula has risen sixteen feet. The streets of Warsaw and of hundreds of villages in that region are flooded.

Milwaukee, June 25.—George Brooks' house was struck by lightning to-day and burned. His daughter Effie, aged 16, was killed and another daughter stunned.

The concentrated power and curative virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it the most reliable and economical medicine that can be used. It contains no dangerous or harmful ingredient, and may be safely administered to patients of all ages. When you are sick the best medicine that can be obtained is none too good, and is the cheapest whatever it costs.

Hot button gaiters, cloth-topped, kid-foxed, reduced from $1.50 to $1 at the Beehive.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON PUBLIC MEN.

Alexander Hamilton owed his death to a woman, and for a woman Aaron Burr fell from the vice-presidency to the lowest dregs of disgrace. Every president's wife has made and unmade men, and in Jackson's day the daughter of a tavern-keeper, having married Major Eaton, senator from Tennessee, raised such a fuss about her social standing with other Washington belles that Jackson changed his cabinet in order to sustain her, and it is said that Martin Van Buren got to the presidency through Jackson's friendship, made the stronger by his attentions to Jackson's friend, Mrs. Senator Eaton. The whole lives of James Buchanan and Alexander H. Stevens were made bitter by being disappointed in love in their youth, and the troubles of Senators Christiancy, Sharon, and others have lately been paraded before the world. Ex-Secretary of War Belknap fell into disgrace, Simon Cameron had lots of trouble with Mary Oliver, and through the foolishness of his wife General Dan Sickles' life has been blotted with grief by family troubles.

EFFECT OF CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE.

There can hardly be any question of the climatic causes of nervousness and restlessness here. Men can never rest anywhere. They are restless during business; they drop into saloons and drink; they rush home; they are hardly there before they want to be off somewhere; a quiet, pleasant evening is out of the question. I have noticed from the experience of many people I know that there is some climatic cause for this. A friend of mine went up north, and on his return noted the most extraordinary change. While away he had felt quite inclined to rest. He did his business very quietly and enjoyed himself. As soon as he landed in San Francisco the old nervous spirit appeared. He hurried home. He felt that he could not settle anywhere, and he hurries now everywhere and is forever restless.

VERY ANCIENT FOOTSTEPS.

The Porvenir, of Managua, Nicaragua, publishes the following archaeological item: "Dr. Earl Flint came here from Rivas recently for the purpose of inspecting traces of human footsteps which have been discovered in a quarry, owned by Senor Areyes, at a depth of fifteen feet from the surface. Traces of these footsteps were first noticed in some stone which had been quarried and was used in the erection of a house. The doctor calculates these footprints to be at least 50,000 years old. In other excavations in the neighborhood, several pieces of earthenware pottery, standing on three legs, painted in black, red and silver colors, and the drawings on which are entirely Etruscan, have been obtained. On one of them, a dressing-gown, almost of the European model of to-day, is drawn."

A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

THE ORIGIN OF DIXIE.

On a Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, New York, Dan Bryant came to him and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a 'walk around'? I want something new and lively for Monday night." Dan went to work, and by Sunday afternoon he had the words commencing "I wish I was in Dixie." This expression was not Southern, but appeared among the circus people of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the warmth of the South, and the common expression would be, "Well I wish I was in Dixie." This gave the catch-line, and the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning it was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half of them went home singing Dixie. The song became the rage, and W. W. Newcomb's, Buckley's Minstrels and others gave Dan $5 each for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlean wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright; but, without waiting for a reply, published it with words by a Mr. Peters. Pond of New York secured it from Emmett for $600; but Werlean sold thousands of copies without giving him a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profits of his song; but the authorship of it was disputed. Will S. Hayes claimed it as his own. Pond brought the matter before a music publishers' convention, and settled the authorship; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice.

ELECTORAL COUNT BILL.

Washington, June 24.—The electoral count bill which passed the house to-day was reported by Mr. Eaton, from the house committee on the law relating to the election of president and vice president, as a substitute for the bill introduced in the senate by Mr. Hoar, and which was passed by that body in January last.

It provides for a joint session of the two houses of congress for the counting of the votes, and that such convention shall not be dissolved until the count shall have been completed and the result declared.

It provides also that any recess which the joint convention may take while the vote is being counted shall not be for a longer time than one calender day and that after the first Saturday succeeding the beginning of the count no further recess shall be taken until the count has been completed and the result declared.

It provides that in case of objection to counting of the vote of any State, and in case more than one return shall have been received from a State, the question in the first instance of the counting of the vote of the State, and in the second, of which return shall be received and counted, it shall be submitted to joint convention by the presiding officer, and that three hours having been allowed, if necessary, for debate, a vote shall then be taken, per capita, commencing with the state of Alabama, and the convention shall thus determine the question.

The supervisions with respect to the settlement of the questions concerning the reception and the counting of the vote of the states in cases of objection thereto or of more than one set of returns constitute the principal difference between the Hoar bill and the substitute adopted by the house. The Hoar bill provides that in such cases the two houses acting separately shall currently determine the question.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr3m

LET THEM AWAY.

We mean the horrible, nauseous worm-seed compounds called worm syrups and vermifuges; many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious. They have outlived their usefulness. People do not want them since McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, so easy and pleasant to take, can be had from any dealer. Every one who has tried them says they are the nicest and best vermifuge ever discovered. Children take them and never know a medicine is being administered. Any case of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist the money promptly refunded in every instance. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
2j2 Philadelphia Agents.

New spring stock of woolens, for merchant tailoring, at the Bee Hive.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 119 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

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LOW PRICES!

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Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

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DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE.
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

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Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

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A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.—The undersigned offers extra inducements to persons wishing to operate in lime burning or quarrying building stones. He has the best quality of lime stone for all purposes, analysed and tested, right on the L. & T. Railroad. Also quarries of the largest and most beautiful lime stone for building purposes, also cement stone pronounced first-class by the analyser. Ground will be sold or leased given, to suit operators. For further particulars call on C. J. STAMM,
23apr3m Linden Hall, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of George Korman, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. WASH. GARBERICK, Bellefonte,
28may6t S. M. LONG,
Executors, Farmers Mills.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.18
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		1.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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AGE.

The night-owl keeps its vigil hour
  Above the ragged battlements,
And from the vault of its stone tower
  Sends forth its lonely, long laments.

Here Time has sown the peace of age
  To mingle with the hoary rust;
Tradition tells of lord and page,
  And consecrates the lore of dust.

O, Time, thou healer of all ill,
  Bring to each crumbling life a balm;
In every aged breast fulfil
  The blessing of thine ancient calm.

Let memory charm the world away;
  Bring music sweet to failing ears;
Bring joy to thwart the sad decay,
  And ransom for the dying years.

About each silvered crest of age
  Weave there a crown of honor, meet;
Let peace the pangs of earth assuage,
  And write a victory o'er defeat.

A GHOST STORY.

"I am going to be married, my dear. I can see the tears in your pretty eyes as you say to Harry, 'Poor Sibyl! she can never be as happy as we are.' Of course I cannot. No woman can who does not marry her first love, while her past is without regret and her future without shadow. But I am going to marry what is more rare than first love—perfection. Absolutely he has not a fault, and the wonder of wonders is that he should desire the society through life of one who is so full of faults as I am. He is clever, rich, amiable, good-looking, thirty-two, respected of all men, and (until within the past week) praised by all women. Can you wonder that dear mamma, who has been a little anxious about me this last year or so, is as happy as a queen, and that my acquaintances are all loud in their congratulations? But then, as they say, 'Sibyl Van Eyck has always been a lucky girl.' You and I, my Kate, might differ with them as to that, only it is not worth while recalling such a very old and commonplace mishap. Indeed, I am not without a realizing sense of my mercies myself, for that a young woman facing her thirtieth birthday so nearly as I do, and who has played fast and loose with such good cards as kindly Fate has hitherto thrust into her hands—that such a young woman should become Mrs. Brian Chester is truly a wonderful favor of Fortune. It is not the first time that you have seen his name in my letters, and I dare say that with your usual sagacity you have had suspicions of what might come to pass. Behold me at length on the eve of marriage, figuratively, that is, for we are not to be married until June, and this is only January, but it seems very near to me.

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it? (I know you keep my secrets even from him). I respect Brian Chester, I admire him, I am proud of his preference, and I feel safer and more at rest with him than I ever did in my life—yet, oh, Kate! Kate! it is not such a love as yours for Harry in the days of your love-making, nor like mine for—the knight who wooed and rode away. Is it because I am twenty-eight, and such a flirt, as people say, or because Mr. Chester's affection for me is so very cheerful and matter-of-fact? He is evidently incapable of jealousy, and evinces a beautiful faith in me, which my past has scarcely justified. I ough to be immensely flattered, but I am not, for that perfect love which casteth out fear is divine, and far above poor, passionate, doubting humanity. Do not, however, imagine me so foolish as not to know that I am more nearly happy than I have been for years, and that I shall be a very contented woman as Mrs. Brian Chester. Kiss your small Violet for me, and give my love to Harry. I can trust him, whatever his criticisms may be, not to say, as Bob Lisle did when Mary Vincy was married last month, 'Another old landmark gone!'

"Always your loving SIBYL."

With a faint smile at Mr. Lisle's very uncivil remark, Miss Van Eyck addresses her letter, and leaving her writing-table, seats herself in a low arm-chair near the fire.

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the evening paper.

For a second or two she glances indifferently over it, and then she reads earnestly while her face softens, her eyes fill, and two heavy tears fall on the paper as she drops it in her lap. Only a couple of verses with no beauty or power beyond their truth, and yet they can send her thoughts back over eight years—such a long, long time of one's youth!—and make her heart ache with pith for the difference between the woman of twenty-eight who is to marry Brian Chester and the girl of twenty who loved so foolishly and so tenderly that the ghost of a handsome, fond, false face can come between her and her future husband.

Sibyl Van Eyck is a young woman usually very appreciative of the advantage of becoming surroundings, but just now she is quite unconscious that her fair head and slender figure in its pale blue trailing dress make a picture very pleasing to a man's eyes as she lies back in a crimson chair in the soft warm glow of the fire. Her thoughts have gone so far and so fast that she does not hear the door open and close, nor a man's quick step on the thick carpet. She has forgotten that she ought to be expecting Mr. Chester, until he seats himself beside her and takes calm possession of one of her hands. She comes back to the present then with such a start that he laughs.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me," and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go, and leaning back in his chair, makes himself comfortable after the fashion, more easy than elegant, of our generation.

She colors like a school girl, though she is "twenty-eight and such a dreadful flirt," and she puts the paper out of sight under the train of her dress.

"And if I had, sir," she asks, lightly, "I dare say you forget me, often enough, for much more than five minutes."

"Never," he says, rather shortly; and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

"Do you not know that we women cry for anything or nothing?"

"Not you; but do not tell me unless you wish to do so."

"I assure you I have no such intention," she says, gayly. "Does your lordship think that I shall make you my confessor?"

"Some day—yes," he answers, quietly, and looking not at her, but at the fire.

Very quickly she lifts her eyes to his face—a very frank and pleasant face, with a look that shows its owner well content with the world and himself, but just now a little graver than its wont, and she wonders, with a thrill of the same pity she had felt for herself, whether he too in the years which lie behind him has missed something of life's completeness.

"You and I are too old and worldly-wise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old—you child!" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender. "I am aware that you have reached the awful age of twenty-eight, Miss Van Eyck, and that you have had enough experience of the world to make you wise, but, for all that, you are a child, and a child in some things you will remain as long as you live."

"Ah! you do not know how much nicer I was ten years ago," she says, laughing nervously.

"If I have the bad taste to be content with you as you are, I do not see that it is of any consequence," he says, taking her hand. "Besides, I do not believe it."

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes—"I wish that we had known each other then, and that I had never—never—"

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly. "Look here, dear—here in my eyes," and he puts one arm about her, while he keeps her hand. "Tell me nothing yet; I am not a jealous man, nor afraid of ghosts, and it is not your past I want, but your present and your future."

When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"You have found your master, Miss Van Eyck," she is thinking; "a good master, a tender and true master, but just a little too sure of himself."

When Brian Chester enters his rooms, the first thing he does after lighting the gas is to find the evening paper, and glancing hastily over it, to read with sure instinct two verses in its columns.

"Very worldly-wise, indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh; and a very shabby thing of me to hunt up the cause of your tears after refusing to hear it; but you are more mine now than you think, and you shall be altogether mine yet, in spite of the ghost."

But, for all that, his eyes have a troubled look not usual to them, and he smokes more cigars than are good for him before he goes to bed,

"If I were a jealous man (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I should endure some exceedingly uncomfortable hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly, as he takes possession of Sibyl for a waltz, some six weeks later, at one of the last parties before Lent; "for upon my word these fellows seem to think that I have no right whatever to more than a stray dance."

"Being a philosopher (which, thank Heaven, you are), I suppose it makes no difference to you," she answers, as they waltz off.

"I admire their good taste, and am thankful for what I can get at present; also I have some faint idea that Mrs. Chester will give up round dancing."

Sibyl pauses abruptly, and moves out of the circle of waltzers.

"Do not you mean to be a philosopher about—Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you think that I am always a philosopher now?"

Her color deepens, her eyes turn from his, and then, with a little cry, she puts her hand on his arm, growing suddenly white, and gazing fixedly at somebody behind him. He turns instinctively, and sees a tall, very handsome man staring at Sibyl with more fixity than politeness permits.

"Take me away—out of the room—somewhere," she murmurs.

Very much bewildered, he obeys, and presently finds a seat for her in a small, almost deserted room.

"You are tired," he says, tenderly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No, no; stay with me. It is he," she says, looking up piteously in his face, which at those very enigmatical words grew rather pale.

"Who?—the ghost?" he asks, unsteadily.

"Mr. Devereux, I have not seen him since I—since I— Oh, what will you think of me?" she cries, with a sudden burning blush at the change and trouble in his face. "Indeed, it is only the surprise,"

"Of course, he says, positively. "You will not mind, now that you know he is here, and when you are a little rested I shall steal somebody else's waltz instead of the one we have lost."

But in spite of his positiveness and her efforts at composure an uncomfortable silence falls upon them, which she breaks by proposing to return to the ball-room. In the doorway they are met by their hostess and Mr. Devereux himself.

"Sibyl, dear," says the lady, hurriedly, "here is a gentleman who claims to be an old friend, but doubts whether your memory is so good as his."

"My memory is excellent," Sibyl answers, rather coldly, but with that utter self-possession which comes to most women in bitterest need. "I perfectly remember my acquaintance with Mr. Devereux."

"Then that is all right, and I shall carry you off, Mr. Chester."

"We shall go together, dear Mrs. Burns," Sibyl says, with her hand still on Brian's arm. "Mr. Chester is going to take me to mamma."

"Will you not permit me?" says Mr. Devereux, speaking for the first time, and in a voice which falters perceptibly.

"Thanks, no; I will not trouble you."

"Then may I not have a waltz, or a square dance, for—for 'auld lang syne?'" The last words are very low and eager, but Mr. Chester hears them as distinctly as if they had been spoken in his ear,

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another to serch for Mrs. Van Eyck, and within half an hour they are driving home.

It cannot be denied though Miss Van Eyck's lover is not a man given to jealousy, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember. Business compels him to go to Boston so early on the morning after Mrs. Burns' party that he does not see Sibyl again, and in spite of her dignified repulsion of Mr. Devereux he can not forget her pale face and piteous eyes when she had first seen the "ghost." He is convinced that Devereux will do everything possible for a reconciliation, and he calls himself an insane idiot for having refused to hear the story of her first love, which Sibyl had seemed to wish to tell him, for his utter ignorance of the circumstances prevents him from being able to judge whether such a thing could come to pass. To add to his anxiety, during the four days that he is in Boston he does not receive even so much as a line from her, though she had promised, half laughingly, to write every day. The result of all of which is that, after having been so absent-minded as to return to New York two days earlier than he had intended, leaving his affairs very much as he found them. An hour after his arrival he is walking up a familiar street on which the van Eycks live, with a great deal of outward cheerfulness, and an odd mingling of self-contempt and anxiety at his heart, for he will know his fate in another ten minutes.

"My fate, indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile. "If I were anybody else what a jealous fool I should call myself!"

Then he started as if he had been shot, for ascending the steps of the Van Eycks' house, with the confident manner of one who does not come for the first time, is Mr. Devereux. Very still stands Mr. Chester—very still and very pale for a man who is "not jealous nor afraid of ghosts"—until Mr. Devereux has rang and is admitted.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together, though all his life he has had the true Anglo-Saxon horror of anything like a scene.

He walks rapidly down to the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manœuvre many times, to the great interest of a ocuple of school girls, who, from an opposite drawing-room window, are speculating excitedly as to what "Miss Van Eyck's lover" can be about. It is not very fatiguing for a man to pace up and down a block for an hour, and yet, when that time has elapsed, Brian Chester's face has grown oddly worn and haggard-looking. God pity us all! We can most of us remember some such hour, whose sixty minutes held an eternity of suspence, but let those of us render thanksgiving all our days who feared in that hour only death, not faithlessness, for our heart's beloved. It is nearly six when the Van Eycks' door opens and closes again on Mr. Devereux, who walks quickly down the street in an opposite direction from Chester, but the latter scarcely glaces at the receding figure as he springs up the steps.

"Miss Van Eyck is in the drawing-room," the servant tells him, and he passes in.

Outside it was nearly dark, and here it is quite so, except when the fire makes a blaze of light; but he sees her at once, crouched in the corner of a sofa by the chimney, and weeping—ah! weeping as even women given to tears weep only once or twice in their lives. At the sight of that drooping figure, and the sound of those strangled sobs, the strong heart of Brian Chester turns faint and sick, for he knows so well, with such wonderful, dreary conviction, just what she has done, and what he must do now. He casts one farewell look about the familiar room where he has been so happy, and then his eyes return to the woman he loves and suffers for, as only a man can to whom neither love nor jealousy comes easily.

"Sibyl!" he says, abruptly, in an odd, hoarse voice, which vaguely surprises him, it is so unlike his. "Don't cry so terribly; there is no need."

She springs to her feet and faces him in the fire-light with a low cry, and a look that changes instantly from surprise to pity and terror.

"Brian!" she says, tremulously, taking his hands in hers. "Are you ill, dear?—or has something dreadful happened?" It is the first time she has ever uttered his name, the first time those shy fingers have ever sought his, but she does not think of that in fear of the calamity which can have so changed calm, cheerful, philosophical Brian Chester.

At the frightened compassion in her eyes, he glances suddenly in the mirror over the chimney, and stares at himself with the dull wonder men feel when they are brought face to face with the change an hour's agony can work in them.

"I am a fool," he says, presently, with a miserable laugh, and dropping into the nearest chair, he draws his hands from hers and covers his face.

For an instant she is silent, and then the despair in every line of the bent figure gives her courage.

"Dear," she whispers, kneeling beside him, "surely I, who am to be your wife, may share your troubles, and—comfort you?" and with a rush of tenderness that sweeps her old doubts and fears away forever, she tried to draw his head against her shoulder.

But he springs to his feet, with a flush upon his haggard face. "For Heaven's sake do not make it harder for me to give you up!" he gasps.

"Give me up?" she repeats, rising too, and trembling very much.

"You never wrote me"—he begins, passionately.

"Because I would rather tell you than write," she interrupts quickly.

But he goes on, bitterly: "I saw that man leave the house after he had been here an hour, and I find you breaking your heart for him. What have I done that you should think I would accept such a sacrifice? Do you think I want your life without your love?" He pauses, with a struggle for the self-command that seems to have deserted him, while she stands silent, with down-bent head and clasped hands. "I see it all," he says, presently, in a very low voice, whose forced steadiness it takes all his resolute will to maintain. "You have loved only him always, and you sent him away to-day that you might keep your faith with me, like the brave, true woman you are; but he will be easy to recall, so—so God bless you!"—and he turns rather blindly toward the door.

But she stands swiftly before him with outstretched hands and tearful, shining eyes.

"Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a foolish woman to whom God is very good. Mr. Devereux will never again be even a ghost to me. And you—do you wonder that I was crying for those years when I fancied I cared for him, and which ought to have been yours, with all the rest of my life—my love?"

Physicians Scarce in Russia.

There is great scarcity of physicians in Russia and a person may travel hundreds of miles without finding one. The result of this lamentable state of things is that infant mortality is something frightful. The children who arrive at the age of maturity are only 60 per cent of the births. It is calculated that of an average of 8,000,000 males born annually in Russia, only one-half attain the age of military service. It is for this reason that the late Emperor Alexander II did his utmost to encourage the study of medicine in Russia, not only on the part of men, but on the part of the women also.

As the present government, however, has discovered that female doctors add to their medical function that of nihilist preachers, an ukase has been issued forbidding women access to medical colleges in Russia. This decree does not appear to beto thetaste of the Russian peasantry and the lower middle classes, inclusive of the village priesthood. Not only have petitions poured into the imperial chancery on all sides against the ukase, but a national subscription has been organized for the purpose of creating female colleges for the study of medicine. This subscription had already risen to a pretty round sum, when the Russian government determined to make inquiry into the matter.

The result of this inquiry has recently been published in The Novoje Vremya. The committee of inquiry has given the decided opinion that it is not only injurious to the population to close medical schools against women, bnt that it is also impossible to dispense with the services of women as doctors. The supply of male doctors is wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the nation for medical attendance. It is theeefore conclusive that if the Russian men will not become doctors in sufficient numbers, recourse must be had to the women. That a certain number of these female doctors should be nihilist missionaries is, no doubt very annoying to the Russian government; still it is impossible to refrain from doing something to check the rate of infant mortality, even at the risk of adding a few recruits to the forces. The Novoje Vremya seems to think that the prohibitive decree will be rescinded and the universities reopened to female students.

The Karens.

The Karens are one of the gentlest and most timid of all the Asiatic peoples. They are a jungle people, and even to this day when I go into their villages on the distant mountains, the people will desert their homes and rush away in the direst fear. Whole villages may thus be depopulated at the approach of a single white man. The converted Karens are now sending missionaries out among their fellow tribes on the mountains. They seem to bear some such relationship to the Burmese as the American Indians do to us at home. They are a subjugated aboriginal race, no doubt. When the missionaries found them they had no written language and no religion, although they cherished a good many religious traditions that were extraordinarily akin to the scriptural history of Christianity. Hence they have taken to Christianity with phenomenal readiness. Although this mission is ten years younger than that among the Burmese, they have 24,000 communicants as against 2,000 Burmese. This, too, in spite of the fact that there are millions of Burmese and only from 300,000 to 400,000 Karens. The difference lies altogether in the recipiency of the people. When Buddhism once gains a foothold among a people it is very hard to unseat it.

A Brilliant Singer.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the tenor singer, in an interview, declared that the sole cause of his frequent failures to fulfil engagements was gout flying to his throat. He calculated that during his career he had lost £80,000 from this cause. He said he lived quietly and ate and drank sparingly. The reports that he was a brandy drinker were lies. He drank only claret and water. Mrs. Reeves said that Sims had led the life of a hermit during the whole course of their married life. He had not gone to a dozen dinner parties. He was an abstemious liver, taking two light meals daily, with a supper after performances, the last consisting of only two eggs. He claimed that his voice was as perfect as ever, and he proposed making a tour of America as a triumphant close to his artistic career.

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

About the Rose.

An old legend tells us that Flora, having found the body of a beautiful nymph, resolved to immortalize her by transforming her into a plant which should surpass all others in its charms. She summoned Venus and each of the Graces to assist at the ceremony.

The Zephyrs cleared the atmosphere to allow Apollo to bless with his beams the new flower; Bacchus contributed nectar to nourish it, and Vertumnus supplied its perfume, while Flora crowned it with a diadem which was to distinguish it as the queen of flowers.

The Rose may truly be called cosmopolitan, as it is found in almost every country, and is everywhere equally prized for its delicate perfume and useful properties.

Among the ancients it was highly valued, and from the earliest times its virtues and attractions have been appreciated, and its charms have caused it to be interwoven with the history, romance and poetry of all ages.

The Rose tree is supposed to be a native of the east, as the word Syria signifies "The Land of Roses," and one of its richest varieties bears the name of one of the world's oldest cities.

Chaplets of Roses were early worn on festive occasions, and Roses contributed largely to the adornment of the luxurious homes of the Greeks and Romans.

The first Rose ever seen is said to have been given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to preserve the secrets of the armours of his mother, Venus; hence, it became the symbol of silence among the ancients, and was carved on the ceilings of their banqueting halls, and as it was considered a breach of honor to reveal whatever transpired during their convivialities, the expression, "sub rosa," was used to denote secresy.

The island of Rhodes received its name, according to some authorities, from the abundance and sweetness of its roses, and many of its coins, still extant are said to bear the figure of this flower on the reverse, and now, as in ancient times, the breezes from that fertile isle are scented with delicious perfume.

The inhabitants of Sybaris were so effeminate in their habits of life that their couches were formed of the velvet petals of the Rose, and the luxurious Heliogabalus caused Roses to be strewn upon his guests until they formed a carpet many inches thick beneath their feet, and filled the air with their fragrance.

The Rose is the national emblem of England; on the eve of the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, a dispute took place in the Temple Gardens, as to the rights of the rival factions; the heads of the factions, the Dukes of Warwick and Somerset, appealed to their friends to take sides in the controversy, but they declined to commit themselves; whereupon Warwick plucked a white Rose, and Somerset a red one, each inviting his partisans to follow his example and the innocent flowers thus became the badges of the contending armies in the romantic "War of the Roses," which ensued.

The city of Pæstum, on the coast of Italy, was celebrated, for its exquisite Roses, which were further remarkable for blooming twice a year, and even now, when its three beautiful temples have fallen into decay and only a few scattered stones mark the site of its once noble edifices, here and there a struggling rose-bush is still to be seen surviving the general ruin and blossoming each May and December, lending a peculiar charm to the deserted city; and it may be partially due to these faithful sentinels which soften hard outlines, and cover with a living mantle the dull, inanimate stones, that the ruins of this once beautiful city still attract the attention of the tourist, and are considered the most beautiful in the world.

Unlike many beautiful objects, the Rose possesses a utility which is wonderful From it is distilled the attar of Roses, which forms an article of commerce in Syria, India and Persia.

The manufacture of this essence is attended with so much difficulty and expense that the cost of a single drop is almost fabulous; but is so extremely powerful that a vessel which has once contained even the smallest portion of it, will retain the delicious odor many years after the last drop has disappeared. As the poet beautifully expresses it:

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the Rose, will linger there still.

In Pharmacy it is used quite extensively, whole fields of Roses being cultivated for the apothecary's use alone, from which he produces a variety of compounds and extracts, among which are the ointment of roses, soothing in cases of inflammation; vinegar of roses, a pleasant and refreshing remedy for headache: conserve of roses, which was considered by the ancients a sovereign specific for a cold; honey and oil of roses, beside the many perfumes for the toilet, flavoring extracts and many other compounds, all equally popular and pleasant.

The green leaves of the Sweet Brier can be dried and used as a substitute for tea; the fragrant petals of the flower are reduced to a paste and formed into amulets, charms, and beads; the rosaries used by some in devotional exercises are supposed to have been made originally in this way, and received their name accordingly.

Winters in England.

There have been winters in England milder than this last, exceptional as that has been. In 1282 so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February. In 1538 the gardens were bright with flowers in January. Neither ice nor snow was visible in 1659, no fires were lit in 1692, and the softness of the weather in 1791, 1807 and 1822 was phenomenal. In 1820 white blossoms were to be seen on the trees in March and on the vines in April.

—War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swinging sign nuisance," just now.

To hate excellence is to be at its opposite pole.

A Burglar's Love Making.

A San Francisco correspondent writes, it has often been said that nothing save business success and money constitutes a claim to social recognition on this coast; as, even with such illustrations of that fact as the Sharon trial before them, our Eastern friends can hardly understand how absolute said rule is here, we can hardly expect the following perfectly true incident to be believed out of our own State:

One night not long ago the daughter of one of our best citizens was awakened by a noise in her room, and upon sitting up discovered a man disguised in a black mask standing beside her bed and calmly contemplating her features by the aid of a bull's eye lantern.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he said, "I haven't taken anything yet."

"Bless me!" said the girl; "I do believe it's a burglar."

"Of course it is," said the housebreaker with an ungratifying smile as he lit a cigarette, "and I'm proud of it."

"What do you want," demanded the young lady.

"Well, I did want to sample your jewelry case," said the robber, "but you looked so all-fired pretty lying there with your auburn hair—just my style—and I couldn't help waking you to see if you also had dark eyes. I am terribly fond of light hair and dark eyes myself."

"Well, I have," said the young lady, glancing at the mirror. "But I must look like a fright in this—this dress."

"On the contrary, white is becoming to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope, tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's telling," said the girl.

"No, but are you—honest Injun?"

"Well, yes I am—to a young lawyer; but I don't care for him so very much."

"He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my dear girl, don't you know there is nothing in this love-in-a-cottage business? You don't want to peg along nursing babies in some stuffy back room for the next ten years, do you?"

"N-o-o-o," murmured the girl.

"Then why not let this fellow slide and take me? I'm pretty comfortably fixed. Business has been pretty good this season, and our profits are large. Our firm is now running a tunnel under a bank, and I've got a fourth interest. Besides, I'm Secretary of the Burglar's Protective Association. What d'yer say?"

"Couldn't we go abroad next summer?" asked the girl thoughtfully.

"Why certainly. I expect to have to. Just think over the matter, and I'll drop in some night later in the week. I know how to get in." And, shouldering his kit, the Secretary stepped out of the window and went off to open a jewelry store for an engagement ring.

And the next day the young lawyer received back his letters and photograph.

A Snake in a Sleeping Car.

"The liveliest time I ever had on the road," said the sleeping car conductor, "was one night when a snake got loose in my car. We were coming east from St. Louis, and out at Effingham, Ill., we took on a family of Pittsburghers bound for home. There was a boy of 10 in the party, who carried a little wicker cage in his hand, partly wrapped up. I thought, of course, he had a bird in it and allowed him to take it with him into the car. That night at Dayton, which we reached at 9.30 o'clock, a pretty young lady was put aboard and took a berth at the end of the car, near the ladies' dressing-room. About 10 o'clock I was at the other end of the car, looking at the porter blacking the boots, when suddenly there came from the dressing-room some of the shrillest screaming you ever heard—so keen that we heard it over the noise of the train. I rushed through the car, followed by the porter, and found the little lady who got on at Dayton perched on tiptoes on the washstand, frightened out of her wits, and pointing at something on the floor. She was so excited that I couldn't make out what she was saying, but I looked down, and there was a nasty little green snake coiled up in the middle of the floor and moving his head about from side to side, evidently ready for a fight. I wasn't exactly afraid of the thing, but it did give me a creepy sort of feeling to see it in my car, and I was just about to kill it when I heard somebody behind me yelling: 'It's my snake! Don't kill it! Don't kill it!' and the boy who had brought the cage into the car rushed in and took the snake up in his hands. But when the boy had put the snake back in his cage I settled matters by dropping the cage, snake and all, out of the window. I felt like dropping the boy out, too. The boy had put the cage under the berth on the floor, and when the porter was fishing out the boots he must have upset it and let the snake out."

Isthmuses.

The Isthmuses of the globe have long since received notice to quit. Engineers look upon every remaining neck of land as only affording a fine opportunity for testing their skill. The Isthmus of Suez was cut through long ago; the Isthmus of Panama is undergoing the operation, and now an attack is to be made upon the Isthmus of Corinth. But the supply of isthmuses is growing short and engineering capacity and ambition are now turning to peninsulas for the exercise of these qualities. A project has been recently launched for digging a canal from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, converting Spain and the adjacent portions of France into an island. It would seem that engineers have laid down a principle that all ends of a continent mistook their vocation when they did not emerge in the shape of islands. Perhaps the birth of this modern idea is to be attributed to general Butler, who, during the war, cut a ship canal at Dutch Gap, on the James River, in the face of hostile batteries, thus shortening by many miles the navigation of that tortuous stream and conferring a lasting benefit upon all sorts of vessels that ply on its waters.

—Brazil's navy consists of 3000 men and 50 vessels.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 2, '84.

TERMS --$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

G. R. SPIGELMYER AND C. A. KRAPE, of the "SUPPLY DEPOT," SPRING MILLS, PA.,

SAMUEL W. WAIT AND JOHN W. RUNKLE, of the "FAIR,"

INVITE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CHOICE LINE OF SUMMER GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We have secured from the manufacturers and importers some wonderful bargains in Jerseys that you will do well to avail yourselves of at an early date before the lines are broken.

1 *lot of Imported Jerseys in Blues, Blacks, Cardinal and Brown at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 50.

1 *lot of Cardinal at* $3 50, *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Blues at* $3 50 *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Black Braided, Pleated back, with Bow, Collar and French front at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 00.

1 *lot of Black, Pleated back, and with Bow at* $2 75, *regular price* 4 00.

1 *lot of Black at* $1 25.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, June,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Mr. Ellis Hosterman favored us with a call the other day.

——Neighbor Rishel has put up an elegant fence in front of his dwelling.

1 lot ladies' kid walking shoes, reduced from $1.25 to 75c at the Bee hive.

——A refreshing thunder shower passed over this section Tuesday evening.

——Harvest is at hand and some farmers will start in by end of this week.

——James Griffin should read J. H. Griffin, in the announcements for County Treasurer.

Ladies' Jersey Jackets for $1—Valentines Store Co., Lim. 2j4t

——The REPORTER during the campaign can be had at the low price of 40 cents.

2000 yards summer worsted dress goods reduced from 20c to 10 at the Beehive.

——Mr. Frank Weaver has erected a fine dwelling at Aaronsburg, with mansard roof.

Each purchaser of a dress is presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte. 2j4t

——J. H. Barnes, of the Stone Mill store, gave us a pleasant call. He is a staunch Democrat.

——Bob Brett, one of the Democratic war-horses of Ferguson, gave our sanctum a pop visit.

Remember by paying the REPORTER one year in advance subscribers get credit for 14 months.

——That agreeable Boggs twp. Democrat, Joseph L. Neff, esq., looked upon us, and gave us a pleasant chat.

—Rev. Dr. Hammil will fill the pulpit, in Centre Hall, Sunday next, at 10½ o'clock a. m., for Rev. W. K. Foster.

60 dozen men's unlaundried shirts Wamsutta muslin, 3-ply, bosom reinforced, best made, only 75c—Bee Hive.

——The apple crop in the lower end of this valley will not be a plentiful one. In this section the prospect is better.

——Our pretty young lady friend Miss Verny Geiss has our thanks for a bouquet handsome as the fair donor herself.

For rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramp and colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

John F. Duncan, esq., of Lewisburg, a native of Millheim, has gone west and will return with a bride. Our congrats, John.

——We tried our hand a little at electioneering this week. We got some "bites" but it ain't the same fun as trout-fishing.

Valentines Store Co., Lim., is presenting every purchaser of a dress with a universal paper pattern—51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade. 2j4t

——A. C. Mingle's boot and shoe store has the largest and best assortment in the county, and is the place where you can buy cheap.

——Local politics is livening up. Let there be no bad feeling engendered and support the best and most reliable Democrats for the ticket.

——Mr. David Shafer's family returned from the west last week. Mr. Shafer will again reside in Miles township and does not think much of the west.

——Ladies always find the most stylish shoe at A. C. Mingle's, headquarters for first-class goods and low prices. All goods sold guaranteed.

——Dr. Ed. Miller, of Philipsburg, is here on a visit. The Doctor, we are pleased to learn, is getting into a good practice in the above place.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum was driven away from Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Peshtigo, Wis., by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a blood purifier.

——We are sorry to find our esteemed friend Adam Krumrine, of Tusseyville, almost disabled from rheumatic affliction brought on by a fall some six months ago.

——Rev. J. K. Miller and wife, of Logansville, were paying a visit to friends here. Mr. Miller informs us that crops are good in Sugar Valley.

The Great Zingari Toothache Drops, for toothache and neuralgia, have no equal. Only costs 15 cents at any drug store. Warranted. 2j 2t

——At a meeting of the board of the F. M. Fire Ins. Co. held at their office, June 24, applications were received for insurance to the amount of $114,790.66.

——Next week, in accordance with a time-honored custom in all newspaper offices, there will be no paper issued from this office, that all hands may have 4th of July week for recreation.

——Mr. Jacob D. Breon has sent a cloverhead to this office which is a monster, and seems to be a union of ten heads in one. This looks much like if it were to be a Democratic year of plenty.

——A few car loads of rails arrived on Tuesday, and no doubt will be followed by another installment. Our people are anxious for a ride on the rail, else think somebody else ought to be rode on a rail.

☞The Voice of the People.—No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

——Linden Hall is indebted to Daniel Hess for erecting a fine dwelling house to be occupied by Mr. Alexander, of the firm of Keller and Alexander, who, by the way, are enjoying a large trade.

——The flower beds fronting the Spring Mills house, are being dressed up in elegant order, by that master gardener Wm. Alexander, and will soon be a miniature paradise under his hands.

——Mr. D. Meyer and lady, of this place, have taken a trip to Chicago and will, no doubt, peep in on the Convention next week that is to nominate the Democratic candidate for president.

——Bartholomew & Krape is a new firm at Spring Mills, (successors to I. J. Grenoble,) dealers in general merchandise. They are a good team, and very obliging. We wish the new firm success.

——The weather is hot and farmers are about thro' making hay, and then will rush to the Philad. Branch for ready made clothing, which is always sold at low prices there. Call and see their stock, it beats all the rest in the county.

——The REPORTER table is graced with a handsome bouquet from Wm. Alexander, of Spring Mills, for which our excellent friend will consider our hat tipped.

Mr. Alexander also favored us with five choice varieties of celery. Any one desiring seed or plants should apply to him and have the best.

——The Democratic National Convention at Chicago is attracting the attention of all, and so is the Philadelphia Branch, which sells the cheapest clothing in the state, and has the largest stock and greatest variety. Suits for men and boys and in all styles.

——Mr. Jacob Dutweiler, of Penn, who moved west a few months ago, is not pleased with that country, as we are informed, and will return again with his family. We are also informed that H. H. Weiser, who left Millheim for Dakota, will return, and thinks old Millheim is a better place to live than the west.

Ladies, a paper pattern will not cost you anything if you purchase your dress at Valentines Store Co, Lim., 51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, which is the best and cheapest store for dry-goods, groceries, boots, shoes and general merchandise. 2j4t

——The rails for the extension of the road to Lemont have not yet arrived. Cont'or Van Dyke informed us that the rails are loaded ready for shipment. Let this work be pushed right on—the upper end is entitled to it, and will be satisfied with nothing else. The ball must be kept moving else there will be a big fuss.

ED. REPORTER:—Can a Republican vote at the Democratic delegate elections for one or more of the candidates?

ANS:—No; unless he pledges himself to vote the Democratic ticket at the following election. By allowing this a lot of Republicans could dictate the candidate, which would soon demoralize and break up the party. None but Democrats have the right to vote at Democratic delegate elections, or say who their nominee shall be.

——At the last meeting of General Synod of the Evang. Lutheran church a committee was appointed to prepare a Sunday School Hymnal for the use of the schools of the General Synod of the Lutheran church. Rev. Fischer is a member of this committee and has gone to New York city where the work is to be done. He will be absent about two weeks. Rev. Hugh McClintic will preach in the Geo. Valley Luth. church at 10 a. m. next Sunday, and at the Union church at 2 p. m.

——Don't forget that the Deering binder has won trial after trial in competition with other binders and stands at the head of the list of successful machines. It is less complicated than any binder built and has a larger drive wheel, and has more space between the tongue and first guard than any other binders in the field. The Deering knotter has from 2 to 4 less springs and from 10 to 20 less pieces than other knotters, and has no swinging parts or yielding cord holder, and unnecessary device and wasteful in the use of twine. The Deering binder is for sale by Gordon & Landis, Bellefonte.

100 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will offer for sale 100 choice town lots, near the railroad, at Centre Hall. These lots will be sold at very low figures. For further particulars and plan of lots apply to J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. JOHN HOFFER, 2apr3m Bellefonte, Pa.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

MUSICAL SCHOOL.—The 25th session of six weeks begins in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., Thursday morning, July 29; a grand opportunity for the training of young ladies. For information and circular address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 18jun4t

LEWISTOWN—A 25-CENT START.

One day last week we paid a flying visit to Lewistown, which is one of the prettiest and cleanliest county seats in this state. Lewistown is a place of considerable wealth and business, but for the wealth it has it might waken up still more business enterprizes than it now enjoys.

We desire here to refer to one house that is worthy of note, namely, the extensive hardware house of F. G. Franciscus, the extent of which took us completely by surprise. As we entered we fortunately fell into the hands of the proprietor himself, who very courteously insisted we must see his establishment, and he proceeded to show us around at once. The main salesroom has double the width of store-rooms in general and a depth of 200 feet, to which, connected with a bridge, is an annex of another 200 feet in depth covering about ½ an acre, in which are carriage, lumber, stove and other warerooms, with endless stores of goods for builders, mechanics, house-keepers, farmers, etc., any and everything that belongs to the hardware line. All the cutlery and some other goods is imported directly from the manufacturers in Europe, by Mr. Franciscus, which enables him to sell just as cheap as can be bought in New York and Philadelphia, and this is the reason why he can offer first class goods at the low figures advertised by him in the REPORTER. His stock does not go through two or three hands, with the profits of each added until it reaches his customers. We doubt whether there is as large a hardware house in this state outside of the city—his buildings are several stories high with 400 feet depth. His trade this year will reach the large sum of a hundred thousand dollars, and is the growth of 25 cents, all the capital Mr. Franciscus had when he started in Lewistown a little over 40 years ago. He handles the reins to all his business himself with the aid of trusty clerks. The secret of his success he attributes to personal attention to his large business, dealing honestly, selling cheap and advertising judiciously, and in the latter regard we were pleased to have Mr. Franciscus declare "he knows the power of the REPORTER."

Our visit being confined to the limits of an hour, we could only cast a glance at the *Free Press* and call upon our old friends, Messrs. Goodhart and Houtz, two Centre boys, who started as clerks, and by perseverance and good management have risen to the proprietorship of one of the best and most popular dry-goods stores in Lewistown.

Paris, June 23.—Eight thousand persons left Toulon yesterday owing to the cholera scare. Camps are being formed for the navy crew.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

James A. Krape has sold his interest in the firm of McCool & Krape to Mr. Collier, of the Loop, and will go under the name McCool & Collier; success to them. Wm. Bartholomew and James A. Krape have bought out I. J. Grenoble's store; success to the new firm. G. A. Runk is having the hotel painted and fixed up. It looks much improved, and landlord Shafer is busy as he can be, having a good run of custom. Mr. Henry Krumrine had his house painted and fixed up in the latest style. Messrs. James McClintic and Wm. Rearick have carpenters and plasterers busy finishing their large house. John Horner has given his house a fresh coat of paint. Mr. John H. Bigby has made quite an improvement on the Spring Mills house by extending the porch all around the front and side of the house; it makes quite a nice place to see the scenery all around; he is also having it painted, and on Monday had handsome inside shutters attached. On last Sabbath evening Rev. D. M. Wolf filled the pulpit for Rev. S. M. Roeder; his text was "Our Father," and he gave us a good practical sermon. Rev. Sarvis preached a good plain sermon on Sunday morning, telling us what our duty is and what we must do to inherit eternal life. The birds have taken possession of the Grangers' hall and built a nest on the side of a window; we think they should name the building the "Bird's Nest." NEWS BOY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Henry Meyer, of Miles, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Fred'k Kurtz, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Griffith, of Halfmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Grazly, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. H. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. McClain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

The Album in which specimens of the various counterfeits discovered are preserved also contains some interesting proofs of the extraordinary durability of the notes. There are three for £25, which passed through the Chicago fire, and were sent in for redemption by Mr. R. H. Nottin, Paymaster of the Chicago and Alton Railway. Though they are burned to a crisp black ash the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as in a new note. There are also five £5 notes which went to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate training ship Eurydice, and were recovered after six month's immersion. They are not even frayed. The paper is stained a light brown, and that is the only effect their long exposure to salt water has had. We are shown in a small case covered with a magnifying glass a few charred fragments of paper, for which the bank paid £1,400. They are the remains of several notes destroyed in a fire, and were redeemed at their full value, the owners being able to give their numbers and dates, and to satisfy the bank that they had actually been destroyed. There is another note in the album which was in circulation 125 years before it was returned to the bank for payment. No note is issued twice. As soon as a note is returned, even though it has been out but a few hours, it is cancelled. Very often a note issued in the morning is brought back to the bank in the afternoon of the same day, but on an average a £5 pound note is out about eighty days. The notes have many strange adventures. One of a large denomination was found keeping the wind away in the broken pane of a cottage window, neither the cottager nor his wife having any idea of its value. Another, also for a large sum, the disappearance of which had led to many wrongful suspicions and accusations, was discovered, after many years, inclosed in the wall of the house from which it had mysteriously disappeared. One thing the notes will not endure. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea, and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are sometimes subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their dress pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is still recognizable.

A SHOWER OF BLOOD.

Recently there was a shower of some red liquid in Chatham, N. C. The fall came from a cloudless sky, when the wind was so slight as to be almost imperceptible. The position of the drops seen on the fence indicated a very slight wind from the south or southwest, across some ploughed land. A woman was standing on this ploughed land, near a fence, along which small pine bushes were growing. She noticed something falling between her and the ground, saw it leave a red splash on the sand, heard a pattering like rain around her, and looked up, but it was all over and she could see nothing. She was a good deal frightened and affected, taking it as a portent of death or evil of some kind. The space covered was about fifty by seventy feet and nearly in a rectangular form. The drops were in size varying from that of a small pea to that of a man's finger, and averaged about one to the square foot. Smaller drops were instantly absorbed; larger ones, with those on the wood, coagulated. Some fell in the bushes and coagulated upon the limbs. Dr. Robinson, living near, collected some of the freshly fallen material and made certain simple tests, which satisfied him that it was blood. It even had the smell, he says, of fresh blood. Tests were also made by Prof. Venables of the University of North Carolina. Examined by the microscope, the appearance of small corpuscles was seen, corresponding well with those gotten from slaughter-yard soil.

A GENUINE AMERICANISM.

Apropos of Sir Lepel Griffin's billious attacks on the Great Republic, an old Californian, a well-known club man now, told a good story of Sir Charles Dilke, whose book "Greater Britain," was written to show that the English-speaking countries, outside of England, were bound to rule the world. When Dilke was in Nevada, then in the heyday of its lusty youth, he was somewhat disappointed that he met none of the rude and rough manners which all tourists had taught him to expect to find there. Henry Mighels, editor of the Carson *Appeal*, a college man, wit, and *bon vivant*, but a joker withal, was willing to see the stranger gratified. So one day, at the hotel dinner-table, Mighels, who had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Dilke, said, in his choicest affectation of the true nasal tone of the true American: "Mr. Dilke, do you know Thomas T. Carlyle?" Mr. Dilke acknowledged that he had a speaking acquaintance with the great man, whereupon his interlocutor said, with warmth: "Wal, he kin sling ink, he kin." Mighels afterward told Bret Harte how he had "sold the English maker of note-books," whereupon Harte said: "You think you have done a very clever thing, Harry, but that will appear eventually as a genuine Americanism." Sure enough, the incident subsequently was printed in Dilke's book, where the curious reader may find it to witness the truth of what may seem an improbable yarn.

— Mr. J. L. Roush, of Lancaster College, popped in to see us.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines, Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

Near Wadena, Minn., on 26, the house of James Carmen was burned. The family consisting of Mr. Carmen, wife and three children, were asleep at the time the fire broke out. Two of the children were burned to death, and the parents and the third child barely escaped with their lives.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton.....Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Matters.....Gregg, S J Herring, H P Heckman.....Union, H Potts, O Underwood.....Penn, Daniel Kerstetter.....Ferguson, J N Campbell.....Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter.....Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler.....Burnside, Wm. Craft.....College, W H Tibbens.....Benner, Geo. Kline.....Harris, H Weber.....Bellefonte, J J Olewine.....Taylor, H Davis.....Worth, A Sterner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J V Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon.....Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckly.....Benner, S A Marshall, C Dale, jr., W B Eckly.....Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, S Bible.....Penn, Joseph Kleckner.....Millheim, G W Stover.....Ferguson, Wm. Maffat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider.....Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N P Weaver.....Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes.....Halfmoon, G Loner.....Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer.....Rush, J T Everly.....Walker, W Struble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick.....Burnside, C Veidefer.....Howard, Wm. Eckly.....Philipsburg, R E Munson, S D Royer, H O Hoffer.....Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo. Emerick, M Derstine.....Milesburg, G W Campbell.....Haines, Fr. Limbert.

Traverse Second Week.—Ferguson, A L Orndorf.....Liberty, L Miller.....Huston James Gill.....Howard, D W Pletcher, Adam Yearick, W F Leathers.....Bellefonte, R A Laird, A Miller.....Miles, J B Hazel.....Snow Shoe, J Gunsalus.....Penn, D Kimport, David Ard.....Haines, C Bright.....Rush, J Dumbleton, J Fiory, A Bathgate, F W Webb.....Philipsburg, J Rhule.....Spring, G Easg.....Potter, H Shirk, D Heckman.....Howard, J A Shenk.....Gregg, Ben Limbert. W Bitner.....Haines, George Bower.....Harris, Adam Hartwick, H Keller.....Boggs, H L Barnhart.....Curtin, J A Daily.....Union, R S Stall.....Millheim, J C Smith.....Snow Shoe, W Emahiser.....Benner, H J Tresler.....Worth, Wm. Gates.....Spring, J T Tate.....Unionville, R Cambridge.

MARRIED.

In Bellefonte, June 18, by Rev. R. Crittenden, Mr. Wm. L. Beck, of Tyrone, and Miss Margaret Derstine, of Bellefonte.

June 12, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Newton S. Weaver and Emma L. Zeigler, both of Penn Hall.

DIED.

On 13 June, at Rebersburg, Miss Leah Leitzel, aged 64 years, 6 months.

On 18 June, near Rebersburg, John E. Harter, son of Daniel Harter, aged 18 years, 6 months, 28 days.

On June 23, in Gregg twp, Miss Rebecca Grenoble, aged 42 years, 1 month.

On June 28, after a lingering illness, at the home of her parents near Madisonburg, Miss Rebecca Grenoble.

June 28, in George's Valley, Jacob Immanuel Barger, aged 5 years, 3 months, and 11 days.

DIED JUNE 18, 1884.

John E. Harter, son of Daniel Harter, was born in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., November 20, 1865, died June 18, 1884.

Up to the time of an accidental fall from a fruit tree the before named was one of the brightest boys to be found far or near. His judgment for one so young was remarkable. While attending school he applied himself to his studies with a zeal which aroused the admiration of his teachers, while his parents and friends noticed with pride the remarkable progress in his studies, and looked forward with pleasure in anticipation of a bright and prosperous future for him. But from the hour of his fall he was wonderfully changed and in a few days took his bed and for more than a month he suffered terribly in body and mind; but a vigorous constitution and good treatment only partially restored him. For a long time there was no apparent change; later, however, the symptoms of distress, constantly apparent since his fall, again manifested themselves with increased severity, and by the advice of his physicians and friends, was sent to the asylum at Danville for treatment. Seven months of treatment again partially restored him, so that, with one of the most competent attendants of the institution, he returned to his home, and was apparently steadily improving for two months, so that all seemed confident of his ultimate entire recovery. Suddenly there was an alarming change; the distressing symptoms returned with greater severity than ever before, and for three weeks he suffered indescribable agony of body and mind; his remarkable vitality momentarily reasserting itself, he sat up unassisted; water being handed him, he took a drink, and in less than an hour breathed his last at 3 a. m., June 18, aged 18 years, 6 months, 28 days. Text—1. Peter v. 7.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June, 30 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	51	—59
Wheat	"	84¼	—95¼
Oats	"	31¼	—38
Pork	"	19.50	
Lard	"	7.10	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	95
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	60
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 60
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. Brown.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

ONE DOSE

of M'Donald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alternative is guaranteed to contain more alterative properties, more truly remedial power than three doses of any other known alterative or blood purifier. Many other blood remedies are good enough in their way, only that you are compelled to buy a gallon of medicine to get a pint of remedy; the manufacturers having sacrificed strength and usefulness to palatability and profit. McDonald's Blood Purifier is put up in 75 cent bottles containing as much as most dollar bottles of other makers. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., 2j2 Phila delphia Agents.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accummulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 17, 1882.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and stiffer than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. 6

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 41, August Term, 1883.—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 80° east 158 perches to a post; thence south 38° west 94 perches to a stone; thence north 30° west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60° east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and 3 allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney for Petitioner.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine,

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c, &c,

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres,

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' HOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.